

THE  
VAGABOND,

83 JUL 1  
A NOVEL.

VOL. II.

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THE  
VAGABOND,

A NOVEL,

IN TWO VOLUMES—VOL. II.

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BY

GEORGE WALKER,

AUTHOR OF THEODORE CYPHON; CINTHELIA, OR,  
A WOMAN OF TEN THOUSAND, &c.

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DEDICATED TO THE  
LORD BISHOP OF LANDAFF.

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Τὸ δίκαιον ἴσον ἀλλὰ μὴ τὸ ἴσον, δεῖν ποιεῖσθαι δίκαιον.

Whatever is just, is equal, but whatever is equal is  
not always just.

PLUTARCH.

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YACABOND



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THE  
VAGABOND.

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CHAPTER I.

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THE VAGABOND CONCLUDES HIS  
STORY—THE EFFECTS OF REFORM-  
ATION IN A COUNTRY PARISH—  
THE VAGABOND'S REASONS IN FA-  
VOUR OF SEDUCTION.

ON the following day I stopped a  
post-chaise in a cross road, which con-  
tained two ladies, and was driven by

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a lad.



a lad. One of the women fainted away, and the other was excessively frightened. I took nothing but her purse, informing her, that she mistook, if she supposed me a common robber; for though I was willing to equalise property, I did not wish to monopolise. So saying, I quitted her, that she might assist her insensible companion.

I could not but execrate the whole system of female education, which thus enervates the human body, it being an eternal fact, that were women educated to all the exercises of men, and, as my dear Mary used to say, so mingled with the world, that every action would be performed promiscuously, (sex out of the question) we should not have women fainting on sudden emergencies, and as imbecile as infants.

What a glorious thing would it be, if the whole female sex would emancipate

pate themselves from those tyrants the men, and enter equally into every concern of life: we should then no longer admire a beautiful ideot, but value them according to their mental charms and personal prowess. It would also be a very great advantage in the article of love, it being no inconsiderable trouble to a philosophical mind to bend to all the frivolities of declaring a passion.

By the exertions of my independent principles, I acquired a sufficient subsistence; but I always made it a rule, never to put in my claim to a part of the universal stock, till necessity (which has no law) in some sort compelled me. It was on one of those occasions I had the good fortune to meet with you, and I only lament that the immortal Stuepe was killed with a musket bullet.

‘ I lament too,’ said Doctor Alogos ;  
‘ I should have delighted in the conversation of so great a man, who has introduced so enlightened a pupil to the world ; but let us now retire to rest, the clock has struck three, and tomorrow we will discourse farther.’ So saying, they separated for the night : Frederick rejoicing that he had at length found a man illuminated with the irradiating principles of the new philosophy, which he the more wondered at, considering the Doctor’s *property*, for he had found the pupils of the new school, in general, a little short in financial affairs.

The next morning the company met to breakfast. Laura was extremely lovely ; and the eyes of the philosopher frequently repeated the observation. Susan sat down familiarly to breakfast with them ; and the luxury of the times was ably descanted upon.

Tea

Tea and chocolate, new bread and fresh butter, with a relish of cold ham and eggs, composed the breakfast of these practical philosophers.

‘Luxury,’ cried Doctor Alogos at every mouthful, ‘will be the bane of this country; every thing rises to so enormous a price, that a poor man cannot absolutely get an existence; we shall be starved!’

‘’Tis a dreadful thing to think of it,’ said Frederick; ‘I have often considered what could occasion such a rise, in meat, for instance; formerly we used to have the best beef at one penny a pound, and now it is sixpence.’

‘I apprehend,’ said Laura, ‘that there are two reasons: the increased consumption, and the increased quantity of money. Formerly, a farmer,



before he killed an ox, had to contract with so many families as could purchase the whole, not being able to place a dependence on chance custom; a fact, that must give the lie to the tales of some people, who would make us believe that day labourers fed upon roasted beef.'

'You are a little perverse jade,' said the Doctor, 'to dare contradict a man like me: pray, how should you know what used to be, who have not yet seen eighteen summers? You are a moth in the creation yet. I insist upon it that our peasants are starved and famished: is not potatoes and bacon half their support? Answer that.'

The Doctor enjoyed the triumph of rhetoric over common sense; but Laura, with becoming deference, replied, that it might be true; but that was even better than skimmed milk and  
oatmeal



oatmeal cake, which was formerly the general food, with a change of barley and rye. 'The people of England then,' said she, 'were subject to leprosy and cutaneous diseases, which have vanished since the introduction of tea. I grant that they live hard, but it is what they have ever done; and were it possible for them to see the peasants of other countries, they would rejoice at being people of England. Not to mention the powers of life and death, possessed by most landed gentlemen on the Continent, let us look at the Eastern nations, whose lower orders live upon nothing but rice, and, particularly the Chinese, supposed, in the Annual Register for 1789, to contain *two hundred millions* of people, whose lower orders, in-land, taste nothing but rice and water, and on the sea-coast a little fish.'

‘Rice and fish,’ said the Doctor, ‘I am persuaded they are both primitive dishes. Rice is the food of more than half the human species, and savages on the sea-coasts universally eat fish. I am determined my table shall be furnished with these productions of all-provident nature; and suppose, for the second course, you give us a brace of roast capons and a few tartlets.’

‘For my part,’ said Frederick, laying a slice of ham on his bread and butter, and putting three lumps of sugar into his cup of chocolate, ‘it is to me a matter of the greatest indifference what I eat; I eat merely because it is right to eat, for the keeping our bodies in order. A family physician proves, that one half the necessity of eating is to distend the intestines, for which purpose, any farinaceous paste is sufficient; and I have an intention to  
try

try a pudding of *marble flour*, for if this proves true, what great exploits may be performed without the trouble of carrying bread.'

'For heaven's sake!' said Laura, laughing, 'forego the experiment, or the images of Jupiter and Juno, in the garden, will be made into hasty pudding, and the arm of Venus will have as much temptation as an haunch of venison.'

After breakfast, the Doctor requested Frederick to walk in his garden, and help him to weed some beds of herbs.

'Do you think,' said Frederick, 'after what I have told you, that I will degrade my dignity by a menial employ? That I will become a slave to till the ground?'

‘No,’ replied the Doctor; ‘you are a philosopher: I do not propose to you any such thing, but husbandry is a primitive art, and no disgrace when practised for exercise. I propose that we shall live together on a footing of equality, and that we shall endeavour to enlighten the people in our neighbourhood, erecting to ourselves a little republic.’

‘The idea is grand and noble,’ cried Frederick: ‘had we Stupeo here, his whole soul would enter into the subject. Let us begin this very day—only let me observe, I will be entirely independent.’

‘Of course,’ said the Doctor. ‘Though I very much fear we shall never bring them to the standard of nature. This island is the sink of slavery: the very elements won’t let the people go naked like the Indians  
of



of America. What shall we do first towards bringing about the freedom of man?’

‘The first great action to be performed, is to convince them of their wrongs—to shew them they ought to govern the state; and that, if they do not recover their rights, they will be starved and enslaved; and that all distinctions are badges of tyranny, and not rewards of merit.’

‘But in that point,’ said the Doctor, ‘it appears to me cheaper to bestow titles and ribbons than pensions—if there were no titles, the pension-list must increase.’

‘And suppose it did,’ cried Frederick, ‘ayn’t we going to do away all profits and rewards? Every man should labour for the resulting good.’



‘ Right, right,’ answered the Doctor.  
‘ But should we not say something on the article of marriage : we shall never introduce real liberty till we can do away that Gothic barbarity. There’s Susan, a good deserving creature, just such another as Rousseau’s Teresa : to own the truth, we, that is, she and I—— you understand me, but the opinions of the world have hitherto prevented my living with her in a manner congenial to my wishes, and as nature and reason point out.’

‘ Hear,’ said Frederick, ‘ the sentiments of the great philosopher Stupéo, when the distinctions of society shall be confounded, and men shall cease to appropriate a whole female to themselves — *two* men might easily enjoy *one* woman, because it would be *her* company they desired, and the *sensual* gratification would be considered as a trifle. Reasonable men will propagate  
their

their species; not because a certain pleasure, is annexed to this action, but because it is *right* the species should be propagated, and the *manner* in which they exercise this function will be regulated by the dictates of reason and duty. It cannot definitively be affirmed in such a state of society who is the father of the child, but it is of *no consequence*. I ought to prefer *no* human being to another, because that being is my father, my wife, or my son.\*

‘What a glorious doctrine!’ cried Alogos: ‘one might then have as many concubines and children as they could procure. This very reason alone ought to make us detest monarchical government, where what is called sacred engagements are obliged to be in some sort preserved. I will, this very day,

\* Godwin’s Political Justice, 4to. page 852.

tell the world that I disregard its prejudices, and Susan shall appear in her proper character.'

Poor Susan, who was an ignorant, vulgar girl, was so intoxicated with the elevation from the cookery, that she resolved to exert the inborn Rights of Women, disdaining any longer to superintend the kitchen; and the Doctor frequently cursed society, which had introduced luxurious dishes.

Mean-while these two great men exerted their endeavours to reform the parishioners, and it was not long before the excellent effects of their doctrines became visible. The churches, those temples of priestcraft and ignorance, were soon left without visitors; and even the elocution of a popular preacher could not assemble an audience.

The

The two philosophers rejoiced at this dawn of reason, and the better to *spread* the truth, erected a large barn into a Hall of Reason, where they undertook alternately to read moral lectures. Frederick there clearly proved that all religion was the offspring of ignorance, resulting from ideas, mingled with impressions, mingled with realities, and that the first idea of a Deity was taken from a howling wind on a stormy night: so that if he did not convince, he confounded his hearers: he, however, proved beyond a doubt, that religion was not of the smallest benefit to mankind. ‘’Tis true,’ said he, in one of his lectures, ‘that *architecture* was first carried beyond the unpolished beam, and the unshapen stone by the enthusiasm of people to honour an unknown Deity; but could any thing be more absurd than to raise great piles of magnificence to nobody knew who, and what was the consequence? Why,  
the



the great men then would have great houses, and no longer live as they used to do, in hovels of mud. 'Tis true that *astronomy* was first studied for the sake of tracing the power of God in the creation, but what has been the result? We have learnt to traverse the ocean, and send people from Europe to tyrannise over the people of Africa. Religion indeed gave birth to all the *arts and sciences*, because it was supposed the Architect of worlds must delight in grandeur, and every costly ornament was deemed too little an offering to his abode; but, in my opinion, this would better have been given to the starving poor—no doubt the priests had their tythes out of it. (Here a loud burst of applause broke forth.) It is in vain to say that monks have been the preservers of *literature*, for at the time they promoted it they had no intention to benefit mankind, and it is the intention which makes the merit. You  
are



are told that religion teaches social duties; that it is wrong to injure your neighbour, for you shall be hereafter punished. Who told you all this? A parcel of priests, whom you pay to hold you in darkness: are you to believe them, or I, who instruct you for nothing? I tell you then that there are no future rewards and punishments; I am certain no man can prove that there are; and if you read the great book of Nature, it does not say a word about it. That's the book you ought to study, and burn your Bibles, if you would enjoy the world, without those shocking reflections about fire and brimstone.'

*Moral* lectures like these could not but influence the minds of the country people, who wondered they had been so long imposed upon. The Curate was under the necessity of suing for the tithes,

tithes, and the parsonage was threatened with destruction.

Corn had been dear and scarce, owing to a wet season; and to render it cheap, a mob of patriots burnt down several stacks and barns, for which one was hanged, and three transported.

The Principles of Universal Equality, and The Catechism of Nature, the one written by Frederick, and the other by Doctor Alogos, were printed and distributed gratis. The public-houses had each a club, where the newspapers were subscribed for, politics discussed, and ale consumed with genuine liberty; by which means those heretofore - ignorant people became *warm advocates* for freedom, and declaimed about the inborn reason of the human soul, till all reason was suspended in hilarity, and the whole company *levelled* to a state of *swinish equality*.

They

They now clearly perceived that the times were the worst that ever Old England had witnessed ; for they every day found themselves less able to maintain their families ; and so far from being capable to pay their rents, they had scarcely money sufficient to support the club, on which depended the salvation of their country.

In vain the gentlemen of the parish endeavoured to stay this torrent of philosophy. Man only requires to be told his rights to know them. The young men copying the example of Doctor Alogos, were not to be bubbled out of a fee by the priests, and the wives became what is vulgarly called lazy and slovenly, but which, in the language of refined philosophy, is independent, and superior to prejudice.

Things proceeded thus admirably in a parish, where, but a little time before,  
all

all had gone on in the old track, where contented and ignorant families depended on their own labour, and were so proud of the childish title of Englishmen, that they detested a work-house so long as health and strength remained; but now they saw clearly, that, according to the *Rights of Man*, every one had a just demand for support from the community after a certain age, and therefore to work for a rainy day was as absurd as it was old.

The poor-rates multiplied so fast upon those who still continued to support the Gothic prejudices of their ancestors, that several heretofore flourishing families were obliged to quit the parish, and their farms remained unoccupied.

Frederick, in the mean-time, had endeavoured to cultivate the affections of Laura; but though he gained upon her



her heart, her head resisted all the arguments of his philosophy. It was in vain he traduced the custom of marriage; she remained wedded to the blind principles in which she had been educated. 'For,' said she, 'were I to become your *companion*, or that of any other man, when I shall perhaps be surrounded with two or three children, a moment's disgust may leave me without a partner. Till it is the fashion for men to maintain the children of others, no woman in her senses would permit the passion of a man unmarried, because, though he could range and select another, she must remain forlorn and abandoned.'

'The supposition,' said Frederick, 'that I must have a companion for life, is the result of a complication of vices: it is the dictate of cowardice, and not of fortitude: it flows from a desire of being loved and esteemed for something



something that is not desert. The institution of marriage is a *system of fraud*, and men who *carefully mislead* their judgments in the daily affairs of their life, will always have a crippled judgment in every other concern. Marriage is law, and the *worst of all laws*. Whatever our understandings may tell us of the person from whose connection we should derive the greatest improvement, of the worth of one woman, and the demerits of another, we are obliged to consider what is law, and not what is justice. *So long as I seek to engross one woman to myself, and prohibit my neighbour from proving his superior deserts, and reaping the fruits of it, I am guilty of the most odious of all monopolies.* \*

\* After such a sentence as this, which is in Godwin's Political Justice, 4to. page 851, the reader will not accuse the author of exaggerating facts.

‘Do

‘Do you wish me,’ said Laura, ‘to suppose you speak seriously? You are dreaming, Frederick, or you are mad, or worse. To say nothing of the *moral* turpitude of such infamous and *brothel* doctrines, I should like to know if there is one single republican in the kingdom, who, however he might wish to indulge *himself* in such licence, would permit his mother, his wife, his sister, or his daughter, to live promiscuously like beasts of the field?’

‘And are men not by nature brutes, as the mighty Rousseau has proved to a demonstration?’

‘Let us take it so,’ said Laura, with a sigh: ‘what will be the result? We should see half-a-dozen throats cut for a pretty woman, for then the law would be no check on licentious appetites. But, Sir, reflect if what I say be not true. Your reformers *in general* are  
men

men of broken fortune, fiery passions, or eccentric dispositions. You would cast aside restraint, because you are too great tyrants yourselves to submit to the government of others; as, for instance, Doctor Alogos was one of the best-tempered, humane men in the world, till he took to these whims from the loss of a lawsuit; and now, though he is always telling us we are slaves, and have as much right as the men to every freedom, yet, if every article in the house, to the smallest trifle, is not in exact order, we hear nothing but execrations, which once he was afraid to utter. But, in the present case, I do sincerely believe, that those men who preach up promiscuous intercourse of sex do it merely to cover their own depraved desires, and avoid the stigma of the world by rendering it common.'

'I am very sorry,' said Frederick,  
'that you argue as if you had never  
heard

heard the great doctrines of philosophy. Had you heard my Mary on this subject—persuasion hung upon her tongue, and the self-demonstrated axioms of moral science flowed from her lips.

“ It is difficult to recommend any thing to indiscriminate adoption, contrary to the established rules and prejudices of mankind; but certainly nothing can be so ridiculous upon the face of it, or so contrary to the *genuine march* of sentiment, as to require the overflowing of the soul to wait upon a ceremony, and that which, wherever delicacy and imagination exist, is of all things most sacredly private, to blow a trumpet before it, and to record the moment when it has arrived at its climax.” \*

‘ Excellent!’ cried Laura, breaking into a laugh; ‘ this is sheer bombast, and putting into hyperbolic lan-

\* Memoirs of Mrs. Wollstonecraft Godwin.



guage what might have been said in simple words. Can any thing be more *impudent* than for a woman to *marry*, because by marrying she tells the world that she has conformed to its customs in following the purpose of her creation? Whereas, if she despised all its rules, trampled down those barriers to lust, modesty, and morality, and became a *prostitute*, she is *modest* in extreme, because she did not tell the world before-hand she was going to be ruined. With regard to the trumpet and the climax, it is not a practice in our country, where marriages are frequently performed with that decent secrecy which eludes even the questions of friendship.'

'There is no reasoning with women,' cried Frederick, in a pet; 'they have no souls capable of receiving the new light of irradiating science, which is breaking through the mists of superstition'

fiction and ignorance. How few are like my Mary, free in thought and in action: she was a wonderful woman, and despised the jests of the world: she knew, that in reality there was no difference of sex in souls, but that education made women fools and ideots.'

‘ You have often,’ said Laura, ‘ talked to me in this strain ; you have told me that women are no otherwise inferior to men than by education ; but to me there appears an humbling difference. Have they not to bear and bring children into the world ? Are they not then tied down to the routine of a nursery ? Are not all their employments necessarily domestic ? And does not Nature seem to have pointed to this end in the disposition of their frame ?—Men, in all countries, take upon them the ruder employments, and it is only an eccentric soul that would

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wish,

wish, in the frenzy of imagination, to blend the sexes.'

'But women, with their present *weakness of intellect*, are not capable of teaching children their duties and rational philosophy.'

'I will quote you a passage,' said Laura, 'from a droll book of reveries my uncle lately bought, called *The Rights of Women*: in page 148, I believe you will find these words:—  
"The management of the temper, the first and most important branch of education, requires the *sober, steady eye of reason*: a plan of conduct equally distant from tyranny and indulgence. I have followed this train of reasoning much further, till I have concluded that a *person of genius is the most improper person* to be employed in education, either private or public." From  
this

this quotation we may infer two conclusions:—First, that a person of *genius* possesses not the *steady, sober eye of reason*, and therefore all your pretended philosophers, reformers, and men of profound genius, have not one jot of reason, consequently are *fools*. Secondly, allowing women to be pretty ideots, they are the most proper to give education, and the less genius they possess, the greater is their qualification: and indeed I might draw a third inference, that persons writing palpable contradictions are unworthy notice on either side.’

‘ Oh!’ cried Frederick, ‘ were the great Stupeo here, he would bring arguments that would incontrovertibly prove——’

‘ Prove what?’ said Laura, ‘ prove himself a greater fool than his pupil.’



‘ No,’ cried Frederick, ‘ prove that you are the charmingest pretty idiot in the world.’

Thus the great copyist of one of the greatest philosophers that have glittered in the eighteenth century descended from the pinnacle of intellect to tell a girl what her glass told her every morning; but as Voltaire has admirably proved by a few arguments in about a hundred different places, and Rousseau demonstrated by practice with the idiot Teresa, it is a fact, that great heroes, great poets, great philosophers, metaphysicians, and ballad-makers, have all become fools to please foolish women.

## CHAPTER II.

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REASONS FOR PEOPLEING THE WORLD  
— SPECIMEN OF THE SUBLIME —  
THE CONSOLATIONS OF PHILOSOPHY  
IN DISAPPOINTMENT — THE  
IMMUTABILITY OF TRUTH.

FREDERICK was discomposed beyond the dignity of a philosopher at the perverseness of Laura: he began almost to think that women were beings made expressly for the pleasures of men, a gilded toy, which a great metaphysician

and philosopher might condescend to play with when he quitted the Hall of Contemplation, and ventured from the paths of intellectual rambling to the gross pavement of life.

His mind was perpetually bent upon the great work of reformation, and the perfection of jurisprudence, *except* when he mused upon the pretty lip of Laura, which frequently dimpled with an inimitable smile, and that smile was not the vacant smile of childishness—it was a smile of meaning, expressive of some fine sensation of mind, brightening the whole countenance, and lighting the eye with the intelligence of good sense.

‘I know not,’ said he to himself, as he rambled over the fields, ‘what to make of this girl; she reasons as if she had reason, but it is quite in the old style. What is this love? What would my  
dear

dear Stupeo define it? A passion, that, like an optic glass, inverts its object. Ah! now I am satisfied she does not in reality possess any good quality: it is my passion which deceives me, and she is no more an angel than the rest of her sex. All her virtues are only like colours in objects, merely rays pressed in different angles upon the eye. She herself is a blank, a mere white sheet of paper; and it remains for me to stamp upon her any character I please. As to beauty—what is beauty? Ask a negro of Guinea what is beauty, the supremely beautiful, the *To καλον* (to kalon), he will answer you, a greasy black skin, hollow eyes, and a flat nose. Consult the philosophers, they will tell you some unintelligible jargon for answer—they must have something correspondent to beauty in the abstract.'



Having thus used the light of human reason in rational argument, Frederick determined that Laura must and should be his, not for his own sake, but for the promotion of freedom, and the *spread of the truth.*

‘It is the universal good and greatest resulting benefit we are ever to have in view,’ continued he: ‘all the great men of the eighteenth century tell us we must not regard any contingencies, these being only partial and unavoidable evils. It is plain the world must be peopled; for if it is not peopled, we philosophers would have nobody to revolutionize, and reason, and logic, and ignorance, would be tantamount to the same. This then is the self-demonstrated hypothesis: this then is the grand basis to build upon; and as all things depend upon peopling the world, it follows, that to people the world is the most meritorious  
action

action of life. But how am I to contribute to this greatest good, if Laura persists in her notions of matrimony? It is impossible. I should then surrender my freedom, and freedom is even a *greater good than life* itself. Some middle-way must be devised; and though I abhor giving pain to any creature under the heavens, yet I must not be deterred from peopling the world by the tears, faintings, and frettings of a woman who even does not know the great maxims of philosophy. What are tears? Mere bubbles of water emitted from a particular stimulus of the nerves of the eye: women have weaker nerves than men, therefore tears from them are more common. As to fainting, that also depends on weak nerves:—some will faint at the sight of a rat. Well, I can't help the irritability of the nervous system:—a charming idea indeed, that, because woman have weak nerves, the world is

not to be peopled! Besides, am not I a philosopher? Yes: I have, and I will rise far above human nature.—Have I not seduced the mistress of my friend? Have I not been the means of a pretty girl and her father perishing in the flames? Have I not lead a mob to burn down the metropolis of Great Britain? Have I not induced a wife to betray her husband, which caused his own and his children's death? Have I not lost three teeth and half my little finger in the cause of liberty? Have I not murdered my own mother? And shall the tears and lamentings of a girl prevent my marching forward in the high road of all-irradiating science and peopling the world?"

‘O Philosophy! how few can contemplate thy sublime and terrific features: thy feet stand upon the poles of the world—thy head is circled round with nubelated exhalations, whose volcanic

canic entrails emit thunderings and lightnings that scatter all existence around thee, and hecatombs of infidels and furdous men are reared or dispersed by the cataclysms of thy scientific fulminations: When shall the catenas of mankind be decrepitated by the furnace of truth, ignited by the bellows of reason? When shall the ingannations of prejudice be delacerated, and the catachrestical reasonings of facinorous aristocrats be dispanded by the zetetic spirit of the eighteenth century? \*

From this prodigious flight of the true sublime and unintelligible Frederick suddenly descended to the consideration of more common action: simply, how he might promote the increase of mankind. It appeared no very easy task to do away the qualms

\* For the sake of the *English* reader, these words may be found in Johnson's Dictionary.



of conscience in a modest girl, unless indeed he could prove to her that there was no such thing as conscience, which was a task of no great difficulty for a modern philosopher to undertake. Another small reflection occupied him, for he saw that he must proceed upon the principles of deception, and what then became of immutable truth? But, on weighing over the maxims of *political justice*, he found that deception was extremely moral in affairs of love, and he was more than ever enamoured of the new philosophy, which seemed calculated for the comfort of man.

He began with Doctor Alogos, whom he soon convinced of the non-entity of conscience; that reason was the only guide to truth, and passion the index to pleasure. Laura, the blind prejudiced Laura, was not to be wrought upon by the profoundness of his reasonings and  
the

the subtilty of his logic.—‘ Though I feel myself unequal to answer you,’ said she, ‘ that by no means is an approval of your arguments ; for I well know that by argument we can neither prove nor refute many things which yet we feel to be or not to be : for instance, you may tell me I am ten feet or only ten inches high ; that my sight deceives me ; and you may confound me with arguments to prove your assertion : but all those arguments will not change my opinion that I am only five feet high, nor will you persuade me that I have no conscience.’

One fine glowing evening, when the country was yellowed over with harvest, and the birds chirped amongst the hedges, which were hung with stalks of loose corn, Frederick and Laura took a walk to some distance, and, as it is very natural, discoursed on love by the way.

Frederick •

Frederick exerted all his eloquence upon the usual subject ; but seeing that he made no impression, he *transfided* into the more natural language of common-place, such as has been the practice of all lovers since the flood, and such as will continue to win the hearts of the fair, till philosophy shall introduce a new set of ideas and sensations.—‘ I will,’ said he, ‘ charming Laura, adopt your side of the question, for really metaphysics do not altogether satisfy the heart.’

‘ Were you to forsake your wild opinions,’ said Laura, ‘ you would become an agreeable member of society.’

‘ It is you,’ he replied, ‘ who must make me so ; it is you I shall look up to for instruction ; but remember the sentiments of Rousseau in his *Emilius*. If woman be formed to please, and be subjected to man, it is her place doubtless.

less to render herself agreeable to him instead of challenging his passion: the violence of his desires depends upon her charms; it is by means of these she should urge him to the exertion of those powers nature has given him. The most successful method of exciting is to render such exertion necessary by resistance, as in that case self-love is added to desire, and the one triumphs in the victory which the other is obliged to acquire.'

'These sentiments were worthy a voluptuary,' replied Laura: 'they came, no doubt, warm from the heart of Rousseau.'

'Yes,' said Frederick, 'from the author of *Eloisa* we should expect strong expressions, but they are nevertheless true. You have read, Laura, that charming romance. What did you feel at the *first kiss of love*? In a word, did



did not the whole performance set your soul on fire ?

‘No,’ replied Laura ; ‘ I saw through the sophistical jargon of rhapsodic language : I beheld only a man who *kept* a milliner, endeavouring to justify his actions to the world by drawing a fiery picture totally untrue. Do you think there is a man in the world like Wolmar ? And what was St. Preux but a precious sentimental rascal, who, under the sanction of the most sacred friendship, plunders a believing love-sick girl, and talks all the while about virtue and celestial innocence ?’

Frederick found by this discourse that he should not easily contaminate the purity of her mind by the introduction of voluptuous subjects, for he knew of no book more likely to introduce a desire of dissipation than the celebrated *Eloisa* of Rousseau : he therefore resolved

solved to supply his want of persuasion by violence, beginning with those liberties often allowed, till his passions throwing him off his guard, he exerted that prowess which men are endowed with for other purposes; but here he was again deceived, Laura not being one of those puny slips of fashion which shrink from the touch.

The philosopher was confounded at a resistance he had not expected from the delicate figure of the maid. He hung down his head in silent *vexation* at her keen reproaches, for *shame* he knew not, unless it was in stopping short of his heroic and patriotic intentions. He proposed, in a tone of voice much beneath the dignity of manhood, to accompany her home, but she refused his offer with superlative disdain.

He turned away to philosophise, and call to his aid the doctrines of Stupeo:

so

so chagrined was he at the disappointment, that he almost resolved never again to present himself before Doctor Alogos—but again he reflected, that it was unworthy a great man to stoop to accidents, it being more in the order of nature that accidents should bend to them.

As he walked forward, wrapped in *musfing melancholy*, a gleam of satisfaction darted across his mind—‘Why,’ said he, internally, ‘am I so grieved at a trifling disappointment?—I, who am a being independent of the universe, in how few years will age destroy the appetite for pleasure, and I shall then regret not having made more advantage of the fleeting moments. Did I bow down to the idols of priestcraft, I might be deterred from many actions *called crimes*, by the dread of future punishment; but it is the height of monkish blindness to suppose there is any such thing

thing as future punishment, and I am persuaded, I am certain half mankind do not give credit to such shocking doctrines, or it would be impossible they could act as they do. What lawyer would undertake a wrong cause? What guardian would ruin the orphan under his care? What wife would betray her husband? What son would disobey his father? What father would ruin his family with variety of excess? And what young man would, for the pleasure of half an hour, cajole, with false oaths and professions, a fair, believing, tender-hearted girl into a misery that can end only with her life? No; I am certain, if people believed any thing of revealed religion, none of this could happen. Then shall *I* be trammelled by such considerations? O Philosophy! divine light of the soul! thy consolations never fail in the hour of distress. Beware, says St. Paul, lest men spoil you through philosophy and



and vain deceit; but Paul was an old-woman, Paul knew nothing of *eternal sleep*.

Having thus conformed his mind in these delectable principles, he felt re-assured to his purpose, and inclined his thoughts to suggesting the means of subduing Laura.

Laura informed her uncle of the great designs of the vagabond philosopher; but that disciple of the new school only coolly bade her be cautious, for nothing in nature could be more natural.

Frederick was surprised to find the Doctor in good spirits; and no hint being dropped concerning his recent attempt, he already concluded Laura in his possession. He retired early to bed to digest his plan, and not being able to sleep, he tumbled about till midnight,

night, when he was alarmed with a grating noise at the window beneath him. He listened, and fancying he heard footsteps, arose, and was proceeding down stairs with a poker in his hand, when two men ascending presented pistols at him, with threats of instant death if he alarmed the house.

‘Am I to be deterred from speaking the truth?’ said Frederick: ‘a truly virtuous man will proclaim the truth amidst an host of foes.’

‘D—n my glims,’ said one of the ruffians, ‘you are a rum quiz; but I suppose he’s dreaming.’

‘If you will tell truth,’ said the other, ‘tell us where the old codger hides his cash?’

‘Truth,’ replied Frederick, ‘is invariable: the great Stupeo declared  
that

that no circumstance could change its effects, and that it must be spoken at all times.'

'Well, out with it then, and no qualms.'

'In love,' continued Frederick, with *sang froid*, 'we may conceal the truth, because it is an allowable deception to deceive a girl to her own benefit, and the augmentation of mankind. But, for the sake of wealth, dross, trash, rubbish——'

'D—e,' cried the first, 'you are a devilish rum one: only tell us where we may find the rubbish, and less of the gab.'

'This rubbish,' cried Frederick, 'the bane of society, the cause of all unnatural accumulations, of all the miseries

miseries of suffering man; what is this to truth, eternal and immutable truth?

‘Blow his brains out,’ said the robber, ‘if he don’t instantly tell us where the possibles be.’

‘We are not to be compelled to speak truth,’ said Frederick; ‘we should speak it for its own sake, and not to avoid any evil or to promote any independent good: for instance, I could now, to avoid the evil you threaten, tell you that in the front parlour there are bank notes to the amount of fifty pounds, and that would satisfy you; but that is an equivocation, because you ask where *the money* is concealed, implying *all*. (Aye! aye! All! all!) Well, that being the case, and an equivocation being a lie, according to Dr. Paley, I continue to tell you, that under his bed in the back room, on the second floor, is an iron chest, where you will



find the remainder, and thus it is clearly demonstrated that——'

'Aye, aye, clear enough,' cried the thieves, 'don't say a word more—go back to your own bed and sleep in a sound skin.'

I am not obliged, said Frederick to himself, to run hazards in proclaiming truth when it is not required. Perhaps these patriots intend to murder the old Doctor: well, suppose they do, what will be the resulting consequences? Ignorant, unillumined people, in stating this fine and metaphysical argument, would talk about gratitude—that's totally exploded in political justice. A servant might urge his being obliged to serve his master, but I am no servant; and a servant would be condemned if he did not assist to destroy his master in the cause of truth, by the new system. But what possible good will result to mankind

mankind by the death of the Doctor? Is he not one of us? Is he not an enlightened philosopher of the eighteenth century? He has already created three or four riots in the parish, and rendered the people so dissatisfied, that they will neither work nor play. A revolution seems maturing in this little spot, that shall light the torch of liberty all over Europe: and shall this man be cut off by men who seem unorganised to systematic depredation—men who do not seem to plunder upon principle? No; the whole human race would suffer in his loss.

These arguments were convincing, and he hastened with the poker in his hand to the chamber. The robbers had drawn out the chest, and emptied its contents, when Doctor Alogos awaking, began to call aloud for assistance, and the robbers swore they would cut his throat if he was not

silent. At that instant Frederick burst into the room, and one of the thieves fired, but missed him. A blow of the poker tore off the rascal's ear, and shook his arm so rudely, that the pistol fell to the floor, and the Doctor having reached a blunderbuss, they hurried away, carrying with them the notes and cash, with which they filled their pockets, swearing they would shoot whoever attempted to follow them.

‘My dear Frederick,’ cried the Doctor, embracing him, ‘you are a brave fellow, and this favour shall not go unrewarded: you may always rely on my friendship.’

‘Friendship!’ exclaimed Frederick. ‘Has fear clouded your intellects? Friendship is well enough for boarding-school girls, who are plotting intrigues. You must esteem me for my intrinsic value, and not because I have done

*you*

*you* a service. No man ought to return favour for favour—that is an old obsolete doctrine, done away entirely by the new political justice. — Hear the great sentiments of the great Stupeo on favours:—It may be objected, said he, that a mutual commerce of benefits tends to increase the mass (or cube lump) of benevolent action, and that to increase the *mass* of benevolent action is to contribute to the general good: indeed, is the general good promoted by falsehood, by treating a man of *one degree* of worth, as if he had *ten times* that worth? or, as if he were in any degree different from what he really is? Would not the most beneficial consequences result from a different plan, from my constantly and carefully inquiring into the deserts of *all* those with whom I am connected, and from their being *sure*, after a *certain allowance* for the infallibility of human judgment, of being treated by me exactly as they deserved?

D 3



deserved? Who can tell the effects of such a plan universally adopted?\*

‘Not even the profound Stupeo himself,’ said Doctor Alogos. ‘I very much fear we shall never arrive at that perfection of knowledge, so as to be *sure* and yet uncertain of the quantity of merit: had that great man lived, he would, no doubt, have made a barometer, which, upon being applied to the object, would instantly settle to the exact degree of worth.’

‘The idea is original,’ cried Frederick, ‘and I am persuaded he would have attempted its completion, for mind in that case would overcome matter. Alas! what has the world lost by the death of such a man, who only was rescued from the gallows to be shot in a riot. O Fortune! what a jilt art thou to men of genius and science.’

\* Godwin’s Political Justice, page 86.

‘Nothing

‘Nothing more true,’ said the Doctor with a sigh. ‘Here is an end of our great projects of reformation, for my rents come in very slowly, the wretches declaring they have a right to the ground-rent free, and here I have lost five hundred pounds.’

‘It is the vile government we live under,’ said Frederick; ‘a monarchy is a mere excrescence, and a disease in the body of society: the wars it occasions, and the lavish revenues by which it is maintained, make it unbearable. Ah! if we could fly from its evils and reassume the primitive simplicity of mankind—if we could shake off all sorts of governments, and live to ourselves as independent and rational beings, we should then pay no taxes: Laura should be my companion, and Susan yours:—there, beneath vine trees of our own planting, we should sit and talk of love: beneath the date

tree and the olive we should sing hymns of peace, and in the sylvan shades should we be united in harmony and celestial affections. Our children would promiscuously grow up untainted by the world, and no tyrant should violate the chastity of our daughters at his imperious will.'

'Oh! charming,' cried the Doctor, dressing himself. 'Go and wake Laura instantly, and before to-morrow's sun raises the blue mists of the lake, we will be on our journey to this terrestrial paradise.'

Frederick, impressed with equal rapture at the romantic idea, and repeating to himself anethemas against the tyrants who have debased unthinking innocence, he hastened to the chamber of Laura. He found her half dressed, having been alarmed at the cries of her uncle. She blushed at  
being

being thus exposed to the eyes of so great a philosopher, and that blush drove all the tyrants from the mind of Frederick. He clasped the fair maid in his arms, and at that moment Doctor Alogos entered to tell his niece the service he had received from the interposition of the virtuous hero.

Frederick, in such a situation, would have been confused if he had not been a very great man; but he was arrived at so much perfection, that he could listen to his own praise in the moment he wished to perpetrate what with half mankind would have rendered him an object of detestation; but this attainment could only be acquired by a steady attention to all the enlightened doctrines of the eighteenth century, and is called the bold, unblushing front of manly truth.



Laura rejoiced at the escape of her uncle, for her bosom was only too susceptible of gratitude, and she almost forgave the attack upon herself. She, however, objected to the plan of emigration, as a wild-goose chase after happiness; and the arguments she used almost convinced the Doctor that all pleasure was ideal, for, as to dates and olives, not a single tree grows in all North America, which obliged Frederick to own he meant only *figurative* expression.

Frederick was too candid to conceal his discourse with the robbers, and Doctor Alogos could not refrain observing, that, though truth ought to be spoken at all times, yet, if it cost five hundred pounds, it was as well to be silent.

## CHAPTER

## CHAPTER III.

THE INTRODUCTION OF A VERY  
GREAT MAN—MATTER AND SPIRIT  
DISCUSSED—THE RAISING OF THE  
DEAD BY NATURAL MAGIC.

THE harmony of the family once more restored, the public good became again their chief care, but an accident happened that very much checked their proceedings. A countryman had been detected offering one of the notes which had been stolen, and was carried

before a Justice of the Peace, where he was identified by Frederick and the Doctor. He pleaded very much in his own favour, protesting that it was his first crime, and that his accomplice had carried away the whole booty except that single note.

‘And how,’ said the Justice, ‘could you be guilty of so great an offence when you could not be ignorant of the law?’

‘That be very true, your honour,’ replied the man: ‘but I did hear Doctor Alogos in his pulpit reading a great book of political justice, which did say as how no law ought to punish *offenders* for a crime that be done, because as that it were not likely, please your worship, that any man should commit the same again, and no man ever committed the same offence in all its *circumstances* as the law do mention.

So,

So, your honour, I thought that I did see clear enough, that if I did not do the action as the law did forbid, I were not guilty. Beside, and more, your honour, I were near starving, having lost my playse because I would not tend church on a Sunday, nor work like a neger, as the Doctor did tell us we all were as laboured for the rich; and so, your honour, I had nothing to do but to starve, and the day were once, when I would have starved rather than do a dishonest act:—but Doctor Alogos did tell us that there were no such thing as dishonesty; that it were all a tale to cheat us out of our right; and that the poor ought to have the lands of the rich divided: so, playse your honour, I were in a strange quandary, and though my heart did misgive me, I were persuaded to begin with the Doctor, as it were but proper he should practise what he did preach.'

'Doctrines



‘Doctrines like these,’ said the Justice, ‘are certainly of the most pernicious tendency, and in fact, Doctor Alogos, this man appears to me less guilty than yourself. You know I must commit him if you prosecute, but I should suppose you would not wish to appear in such a situation; and I hope this will be a warning to this simple man, and teach him to follow the track of his fore-fathers.’

‘Such,’ cried Frederick, ‘is the blessed effects of property! The great philosopher Stupeo used to say, that the fruitful source of crimes consists in one man’s possessing in abundance that of which another man is destitute. This day gives us a proof of it; for this poor man would not have attempted the robbery, notwithstanding the beam of truth which flashed on the obscurity of his mind, had it not been from want.’

‘It

‘It is not my place,’ said the Justice, mildly, ‘to attend to arguments; my business is with facts: but, for the good of my countrymen who are round me, I will observe, that this is the general topic of modern reformers, but, like most other of their pernicious principles, it is erroneous. Thieves, ninety-nine out of the hundred, are idle and dissipated, and in general possess that ingenuity which, rightly employed, would raise them to considerable eminence. Drunkenness and lust are their great incentives to outrage, and *not* the want of food and raiment, the latter being, with a very small exception, in the power of every one who is willing and who has strength to work. It is likewise to be remembered, that, in the professed system of equality and property, no man is to enjoy or possess more than food and raiment, all else being luxury. It has been urged, that some have been starved to death for want of encouragement,

encouragement, *who had genius and talents*; but let this be remembered, that it was owing to their employing those talents in a wrong way. Chatterton, for instance, starved as an author, but he might have maintained himself well as a schoolmaster: but, you will say, can any man of feeling speak so coldly of so great a genius? We will not talk of feeling, but reason.—When I speak of Chatterton, I mean it of *all others*. Chatterton then knew his abilities, and he wished to force the world to acknowledge him at once—but this must always be a work of time. Placing his whole dependence on *one* foundation, he was too proud to stoop from the high throne of poetic exaltation; whereas, had he become a schoolmaster, he might have lived, and watched the progress of his productions to the climax which awaited them. Again I would seriously observe, and would to heaven I could be heard by all mankind:—

kind:—this man here accused of robbery tells you one means of losing his place was disregard of Sunday—mark with your own eyes the difference of those who do attend the service of God and those who do not!—I will not mention sects of religion; but look at those who pay a reverence to holy things, sobriety directs their way: they have no taste for profligacy, and they rarely sink into ruin from their own vices. But let us see those men who despise the formality of church, and spend the Sunday in drinking and gaming: idleness and debauchery powerfully seize on the mind in these vacant moments, and thus it is from the cottage to the mansion that we may in general draw a man's moral character from his attention to Sunday; and we need none of us look far round, without, as it were, perceiving that even, in the transient prosperity of this world, God has



has distinguished those who obey his commandments.'

The attention of the numerous company assembled was arrested by the approach of a crowd of people. The poor labourer was discharged (for in the interior of the country, justices of the peace are extremely arbitrary). Frederick hastened into the yard, where, amongst a troop of women and country people, appeared a thin, fallow-complexioned man, with one eye and a large gash on one side of his face, which added to the deep gloom of his countenance a trait of horrid ferocity and malignant expression.

Frederick gazed upon him a few moments with a look of surprise.—'Is it possible,' cried he, 'I behold the profound and immortal Stupeo? Are you resuscitated, or were you not hanged  
nor

nor murdered? — Can I believe my eyes?’

‘It is I,’ cried the great philosopher himself: ‘I have escaped these evils by accident, but I have lost my eye in the cause of freedom. How, my dear Frederick, are you here? How could you possibly escape the vengeance of that glorious night?’

‘Another time,’ answered Frederick, ‘I will tell you every thing: but, why are you deprived of your liberty? Have you fallen at last under the gripe of that many-fanged monster—the Law?’

‘This is a mere trifle,’ said Stupeo: ‘I am accused of marrying *three* wives, and as it is not a criminal process, I shall escape with finding bail to maintain them. So much for the glorious uncertainty of that profound abyss—the Law.’

‘But

‘But is it possible,’ cried Doctor Alogos, ‘that you, Sir, the great and powerful opponent of matrimony, should be married to *three* at once? This strikes me as a contradiction.’

‘That is, Sir,’ replied Stupeo, with a look of superiority, ‘because you are but little versed in the sublime doctrine of political justice. Sir, you would there find that contradictions are nothing in the way of truth:—but here there is no contradiction. The excess of an evil is always a remedy; as, for instance, when the militia of Europe shall exceed the standing armies, and all the citizens become soldiers, the evil of standing armies will cease, as the power of directing them to the destruction of the people will be gone.\*’ In like

\* I believe this is an observation of Hume, in his History of England, but only quoting from memory, cannot be certain.

manner;

manner, a man who has three or more wives may live as free as though unmarried, for he has only to go to the altar with any female whom he judges capable of adding to the stock of general or resulting good.'

Frederick was struck with this profound argument; and the company being now ordered before the Justice, he paused to reflect whether, after all means were tried of subduing Laura, he might not adopt this plan without infringing the principles of liberty.

Doctor Alogos, who, had he not imbibed the new philosophy, would have been a man of benevolence, agreed to pay a stipend for the maintenance of the young woman at whose suit the great philosopher had been detained, and, proud of having so celebrated a man for his guest, (though at present



present a little in disorder) he invited him to the mansion-house.

Laura started with surprise at the sight of so shocking a being in human form, and not being able to discern the wondrous patriot beneath his unseemly habit (for females are strangely impressed by exteriors), she concluded it one of the robbers of her uncle, and scarcely knew whether to run away or stay.

The name of Stupeo, which she had often heard, arrested her attention, and when she gazed more minutely on the master, she ceased to wonder at the eccentricities of the scholar.

When they were seated and refreshed, the Doctor inquired in what state Stupeo had found the people of England in his excursions?—'In what state!'

state!' cried he, 'why, absolutely starving and undone: the whole country is in a rapid consumption, and no efforts of man can save it. I may say without vanity I have done my endeavours. I have had twelve illegitimate children, but not one of them could bear the air of this foggy climate. I have had three wives, but still the people decrease—population is rapidly declining. What with emigration and the prevailing taste for celibacy, I am convinced this island will, in a very few years, become an howling wild, and its sea shores a place for fishermen's nets. The sun of science is hastening Westward from these benighted lands, and it becomes every rational man to follow its beams.'

'I have long meditated on the subject,' said the Doctor: 'I would not proceed rashly, but I find the people of this country so tenacious in their support

support of an old rotten constitution, so wedded to old principles, that we are thwarted at every motion by some cross accident, and they are such gross fools, that the most palpable facts they invert to contrary tendencies.'

'I am on fire,' cried Frederick: 'I am determined to breathe a freer air; and let me tell you, the man who remains voluntarily in a despotic country, lends his countenance and support to the measures of that country.'

In the evening Stupco and Frederick took a walk, when the latter requested his tutor to inform him of the accidents he had met with since their first separation, their meeting in London having been so momentary, and their minds so employed on great exploits, that they had no time for private relations.

It

It would be impossible, said Stupeo, to detail all the actions I have engaged in; I must therefore briefly enumerate them in a sort of catalogue. The life of a philosopher ought to be perpetually changing.—First, then, I was appointed tutor to some young ladies, one of whom I took a fancy to (for I am not very difficult of choice), and the father having prevented me from starving, it was impossible I could do less than instruct his daughter in the new philosophy of political justice. He was, however, such a bigot to the old school, that he kicked me out of his house, and I remained for some nearly starved, when I had an undeniable right to dine at the richest table in the kingdom. A trifling forgery I had been induced to commit, not for any purpose of self-interest, that would have been morally wrong, but merely to take a little from the fortune of a man who wallowed in wealth he could not consume, was the



means of introducing me to the cells of Newgate: such is the present detestable system fencing round property, with capital punishments, so that it is next to impossible to reduce the horrid amassments of wealth into more equal channels.

After I was shot and trod down, I lay some time insensible, when a surgeon's man dragged me into a bye alley, and whipping me into a sack, carried me to his master's dissecting room. Having prepared himself for a grand experiment, he was surprised to find that I was not wholly dead, and applying some powerful stimulants, I opened my eyes.

I was astonished to see, stooping over me, an haggard figure, dressed in a brown stuff gown streaked with blood; in a belt hung a parcel of instruments, and round the room were various preparations

parations of anatomy, with saws and skeletons hung upon nails. I inclined my eyes to see my own situation:—a wet cloth bound my head, and I found that I was laying naked upon a large table clotted with morsels of skin and flesh. I fancied myself in the Inquisition.

‘ Fiends!’ said I, ‘ is this your way of promoting your superstitions? You would make me believe the immortality of the soul; but matter is eternal—and as to the soul, it is like the sap in vegetables, when it leaves one form, it goes to impress motion on another: it is a bundle of ideas perpetually changing, and never is the same two moments together, and yet this fleeting something you would make me believe is immortal.’

‘ Are you an atheist?’ said the surgeon.’

‘ No,’ cried I, ‘ I am no atheist, I am a new philosopher. Helvetius says, he is no atheist who says that *motion is God*, because, in fact, motion is *incomprehensible*, as we have no *clear* idea of it, as it does not manifest itself but by its effects, and lastly, because by it all things are performed in the universe.’

‘ Then you call *motion* God?’—‘ Certainly,’ said I, ‘ because it is *incomprehensible*.’

‘ Then whatever is incomprehensible is God?—But, what do you say of the *cause* of motion?’

‘ That must be motion itself, because passive power cannot act, and active power is action or motion.’

He took a lancet, and making a slight incision in my thigh, dropped upon the part a few drops of elixir, which threw  
me

me into such intolerable pain, that I started on my legs and made at him like a fury.

‘Is it a Deity,’ cried he, ‘that acts on you? You are under some strange impression.—Do you *comprehend* the *cause* of your motion?’

‘That fluid,’ said I, ‘has cut to my soul, and stimulated my nerves to a convulsive motion.’

‘How say you? What then is *motion mechanical*! if so, how is motion God? But, do you comprehend the reason why this elixir ran like fire to your brains?’—‘No.’—‘Not comprehend it? Why, then this elixir is your God: it is an *incomprehensible cause of incomprehensible motion.*’

‘I might reply in the words of Mr. Hume,’ said I:—‘If you do not believe



as I do, I must confess I can reason with you no longer. But, however,' continued I, 'to give you a *clear* idea of this grand doctrine of motion:—The internal organization of abstract principles coming in contact with tangible substances, forms a concatenation of resulting consequences, demonstrating the powers of loco, impinging motion, resulting from the chance arrangement of ponderous bodies, subsiding in concocted masses, and assuming a form in vacuo.'

'My dear Sir,' cried the surgeon, 'I can form no clear idea of your *incomprehensible* discourse, and yet I should not take you for a Deity—at least you must be one in disguise.'

'You must allow, however,' said I, 'that chance has produced every thing, and directs every thing.'

'So

‘ So far the contrary, that chance produces nothing, and cannot direct any thing: this elixir acted on you as it would on a thousand others. What appears chance to us is only an invisible cause, of which we see the effect. In some cases we may trace up the effects to a great First Cause, who must, from our very nature, be to us incomprehensible; but not for that reason non-existent, or, on the contrary, because many things possess this *one* attribute to us, are we to call them deities? For if so, every phenomenon of nature would become a deity, and the philosopher of the eighteenth century would have more gods than the ancient heathens.’

I saw by these arguments that he was so wrapped up in the mists of the old school, that it was no use attempting his reformation, and finding I was not in the Inquisition, I rejoiced at having

escaped the muskets of the soldiers and the fangs of Jack Ketch, not for my own sake, that was out of the question, but for the sake of universal man.

After my recovery, with the loss of one eye, I lived some time with this anatomist, being frequently employed *raising the dead*, which to me was a matter of indifference, because I knew that all things in nature were merely modifications of the same matter, there being no difference between a putrid carcase and a bank of violets, except in the perception of our ideas.

The surgeon frequently lamented the necessity there was for this barbarous practice, as he called it.—‘Were we allowed,’ said he, ‘all unclaimed bodies which die in hospitals, all malefactors of every description, and all suicides, we should not need to disturb the repose of sacred bodies, whose places  
affection

affection laments and visits, when perhaps they have been mangled to pieces in our lecture room. The dissection of of suicides would be a greater preventive to the action than all the laws of *felo de se*, because the plea of insanity would not abrogate the consequence.'

My practice of plundering the church-yards at the most solemn hours, under danger of detection, and what was worse, under the fear of infection from diseases nearly advanced to putrescence before the interment; to break open a coffin, and carry in my arms a naked body, whose scent was sufficient to ferment a plague, was an undertaking that required all the resolution of philosophy, and fitted me for the event of any revolution or combustion of nature.

One day I observed to Dr. Cuticle, that it was to me a plain demonstration



from the structure of the animal œconomy, and its tendency to putrescence, that it was like every other material substance; that the derangement of any one part affecting an immaterial, impalpable something, called the soul, was a gross bigotry; for, were the soul an immortal spirit, it could not be affected by matter—it could not feel pain in disease.—He replied,

‘Place a man in perfect health in a circular room, glazed round, some of the windows shall be green, some red, and some blue: you will grant that in looking through these windows he will see objects of different colours and shades, but yet his own sight shall be clear and perfect. If the windows are dirty, he will see objects obscure; and if they are painted black, the surrounding scenes will to him be invisible; so the human soul placed in the body, like the man in the room, can receive no  
external

external impression but through that body. His reasonings will take various shades—his passions and affections will be variously combined: but this does not deduce from his perfection as a man, but proves that the soul may be immortal, and yet *obliged* to partake of every accident which touches or acts upon its habitation.'

To this I replied—'Modern philosophers define the soul to be an immaterial substance, in the strict use of the term, signifying a *substance* that has *no extension* of any kind, nor any thing of the *vis inertia* that belongs to matter: it has neither *length*, *breadth*, nor *thickness*, so that it occupies no *portion* of space; on which account the most rigorous metaphysicians say, that it bears no sort of relation to space any more than *sound* does to the *eye*, or *light* to the ear: in fact, that *spirit* and *space* have nothing to do with one another, and it

is even improper to say an immaterial being exists in space, or that it resides in one place more than another, for, properly speaking, it is *no where*, but has a mode of existence that cannot be expressed by phraseology appropriated to the modes in which matter exists.\*

Cuticle bowed profoundly at this observation.—‘You have proved to a demonstration *in words*,’ said he, ‘that we have no soul: to answer you *in words* would be an easy matter. I must confess that modern philosophy\* has something in it sublimely unintelligible: it is like the definition you have given, a *substance without substance*, a cube long, broad and wide, but occupying *no place*, and has no more relation to reason and sense, than *nothing* has to *something* and *something* to *nothing*. It

\* Priestley on Matter and Spirit, vol. 1, page 74.

is even improper to say philosophy exists *any where*, or that it is *here* more than *there*, for, properly speaking, it is *no such thing*: its mode of existence cannot be expressed in any language utterable by the human tongue. Such an argument as this may be applied to any thing, and would disprove the existence of the whole universe.'

So saying, he turned away to pursue some anatomical preparation, and I saw clear enough that we have no souls at all.—My present employ was not congenial to my desire of benefiting mankind. I was like a gem hid in the mud, and I resolved to quit my situation. Indeed, the house-maid had been a little troublesome, for in teaching her some of Monro's anatomical comparisons, we were naturally led from theory to practice, for she had so much of the modern spirit of inquiry, that she frequently attended dissections



dissections promiscuously with the other sex. \*

I rambled over great part of the country under different professions, and gained a great deal of money from a certain medicine that was an infallible cure while I staid in the town. Wherever I went I disseminated the new doctrine of universal emancipation; I made many converts *from* religion, and taught the ignorant peasant to read the great book of Nature. I may say that mankind are infinitely obliged to me for the knowledge of various grievances they never so much as dreamed of till I pointed them out.

‘My dear master,’ said Frederick, ‘you are a martyr to your virtues; but here you may rest for a time.’

\* One of the pursuits pointed out to females: vide Rights of Women.

## CHAPTER

## CHAPTER IV.

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THE FORMATION OF THE WORLD—

A STRANGE EVENT RESULTS FROM  
A POLITICAL LECTURE, WHICH DIS-  
GUSTS THE PHILOSOPHERS WITH  
SOCIETY.

THE following day Frederick, in the garden, informed his tutor with his passion for Laura ; that he debated with himself as to the resulting good, and found a sort of hesitation to use her with too much violence.

“ I will

‘ I will let you into a mystery,’ said Stupeo. ‘ The great mass of mankind are fools, and no better than the callous sod on which we tread. It is the part of the great men and philosophers to mould them as they please; and when we have shaken off the influence of every thing called principle, are satisfied we have no portion in eternity, and that the fable of an avenging Deity is an old woman’s tale, what power, I ask, can control us? We become almost too great for the world; mind seems to rise superior to matter; crime becomes nothing; all that men call murder, incest, lust, and cruelty, is trifling, not more, in fact, than changing the form of passive matter, or cutting down the trees of the forest; for, remember we cannot *destroy* any thing, we only change its form: and suppose a woman dies under our hands, her death makes room for another; the  
same

same as plucking a turnip makes room for the planting of a cabbage.'

'I feel,' cried Frederick, 'I feel I am now free. I shall render my name immortal, for no human tie, no moral check shall stay the purpose of my power. But it seems true, after all, that a society of atheists could not exist, they would murder and be murdered: no trust could be placed upon any man: the king would assassinate the man who affronted him; the courtier would assassinate the man who opposed him; the wife would assassinate her husband when disappointed in meeting her lover; no girl would arrive at the age of maturity; and the human species would soon become extinct.'

'And what then?' said Stueo.  
'The same spirit which now actuates our bodies, must then actuate something else:—you cannot annihilate that subtle  
gas;



gas; and if it does not give motion to men, it may to some new species:— who knows but it may animate the trees and plants with rational faculties—it would make this world a very different place.'

'I should like to see it,' said Frederick. 'Metaphysics are surely the most useful of the sciences; but here comes Laura and the Doctor. We have been discoursing,' continued he, 'on matter and spirit, and it appears plain that matter is eternal, and spirit mere fermentation.'

'I wonder,' said the Doctor, 'how our world was so admirably formed, unless it was by the power of an omnipotent Being.'

'Our earth,' cried Stupéo, 'was once a part of the sun, a molten mass, when a large comet brushing too near  
that

that luminary, dashed off a considerable portion, which flew till the natural motion formed it into a spheroid, and it began to cool. The atmosphere round it formed the ocean, and the friction of this vast body of waters upon the scoræ and cinders, which composed the great skeleton of the world, formed the sands of the sea, which subsided into large beds, rising by degrees to the surface, where the action of the sun hardened the superficies. The heat of this luminary upon the putrid particles of the sea generated shell-fish, which are evidently most allied to stone of any animal we know. These possessed the whole of the ocean for some thousand ages, and being by the gravitation of the earth thrown into large chains of beds, in the progress of time decaying and cementing together with the oleaginous substance they contained, the shells became stones, forming mountains.

tains. Thus we always find shells in every body of rock, and on the highest mountains. Every great change produced a revolution, and from the soft slime of shelly mountains vegetables were produced. This new form of matter decaying and fermenting, animals, such as lions and tigers, bulls and monkeys, were produced. The latter was man in his original state. It was some thousand years before he learnt to walk upon his hind legs, some thousand more before he pulled off his shaggy coating; but it is not material for me to trace him in every improvement, till he acquired a full face from the effects of a change of climate, and learnt the articulation of sounds by imitating the babbling of a brook, for he is to this day a creature imitating every other animal, and nothing is more clear than that he was originally an ouran outang.'

' It

‘ It strikes me,’ said Laura, ‘ that your system is a little preposterous; and one is led to inquire where you stood when the earth was a liquid stream of melting fire? But, with regard to man, I would observe, that had he *ever* been a mere brute animal, he *never* would have changed his nature: he never could have acquired perfectability, for we never see the least progression in animals, nor are monkeys at this period one single degree advanced beyond what they were three thousand years ago; but nevertheless,’ said she, with a look of irony, ‘ when one sees some people, they are apt to acknowledge the relationship, and when they hear the chatter of jingling, unmeaning sentences, they are apt to cry out, that the ouran outang is the better man.’

Stupei could not but feel this sally, but it was beneath his philosophical metaphysical



metaphysical dignity to regard, or even reply to this reasoning of a woman who was not illumined with the splendid rays of intellect.

Frederick often sought an opportunity to accomplish his schemes, but sought in vain, the vigilance of Laura precluding a possibility of success. He more than once attempted to infuse a drug into her drink; but whether she suspected him or no, she always avoided any thing from his hands which would admit adulteration.

Peace was about this time established with America, and the whole country rang with exultation. During the war, no one had more execrated the system than the Doctor, and every lecture concluded with an apostrophe to peace. He now mounted the pulpit in the Hall of Science, (the name of the lecture barn) and to prove that he

was

was a very great philosopher, could find fault with every thing, and was staunch in all times and all seasons against government. He declared that the peace was the most disgraceful that could possibly be made ; that it would not continue a twelvemonth before we should be driven from Canada. He declared, that, like Milton's devils, mankind were only born for rebellion and revolution, that all their joy was to riot in destruction, murder, and violation.

A number of soldiers who were returning to their families, hearing these great truths, swore the Doctor was insulting them. A sailor with one leg threw a crab cudgel at the head of the Doctor, which narrowly escaped him. Frederick leaped upon a bench, vociferating, ' Citizens ! the cause of all mankind is involved in this dispute : we ought to know whether these vagabonds are to insult us in our halls, and in  
our

our temples. Truth is sacred, and I will speak it though a legion of spies were around me.'

'Citizens!' roared out Stupeo, 'you are under military government; the Philistines are upon us; the freedom of speech has departed, and you are all slaves, bound in chains, and rivetted by your own supineness.'

Anarchy and confusion now reigned in the hall. The benches were broken in pieces, and served for clubs. A desperate battle ensued, as some few of the country people stood by the Doctor; but they were soon completely drubbed, and fled in different routes. Doctor Alogos and his two companions found a temporary shelter in the mansion, and, to their utter astonishment, saw their principal hearers the most violent.

'What

‘What shall be done?’ cried the Doctor, trembling most philosophically: ‘This enraged beast, this many-headed monster will devour us.’

‘Reverence the divine majesty of a mob,’ cried Stupeo; ‘all their motions possess energy, and all their actions justice. This is a mere momentary fermentation, the effervescence of popular frenzy, and will subside into a delightful calm.’

‘But what are we to do in the meantime? We shall be murdered!’

‘A mere trifle, my dear Doctor—a mere remodification of matter.’

‘A remodification of the devil: I don’t at all like this.’

‘Its a d—d aristocratical church-and-king mob,’ cried Frederick. ‘I have  
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been to talk to them, but they are deaf to the voice of reason: they are increased by a number of market women, who vow vengeance against Stupeo for his three wives, and the Doctor for his kept mistress. This is no republican mob, inspired with the divine frenzy of liberty.'

'Oh! curse it,' cried Doctor Alogos, 'they seem to have liberty enough; they are treading down my fine flower garden like an herd of swine: there goes all my exotic shrubs:—I believe they are a troop of Goths and Vandals, who pay no regard to science.'

'There is your whole congregation,' cried Laura, weeping. 'My dear uncle, they are all gone mad; they are talking about rights and liberties, and destroying every thing before them.'

'Let

‘ Let us defend ourselves,’ cried Frederick, running to the front window.—‘ Citizens!’ cried he, ‘ is it thus you abuse your friends?’

‘ Friends!’ shouted a countryman, ‘ there be no such thing as friendship. Equality for ever, and down with the Doctor.’—Frederick immediately fired a fowling piece, loaded with small shot. A volley of stones was returned, which broke half the windows in front, and dashed out one of the orator’s teeth. Stupeo instantly advanced with a blunderbuss, which he fired, and checked the fury of the mob for an instant; but the soldiers leading the attack, swore they would murder man, woman, and child, and burn the house to the ground.

Not a moment was to be lost in this case of extreme necessity; and Frederick even debated whether the result-

ing good did not require him to join the mob, and aid them in the destruction of property. All the Doctor's cabinet of natural history was destroyed; his fine library made a bon-fire, and his elegant mansion was reduced to ashes, amidst the shouts of liberty and equality.

The fugitives found shelter in the house of a neighbouring gentleman, who saved them from the madness of the mob.—‘For me,’ cried Frederick, ‘I am determined not to remain another week in this vile island, where there is not one single spark of liberty and national spirit remaining.’

‘What do you call this?’ demanded the Doctor: ‘I think it's liberty sufficient to burn a man's house about his ears.’

‘But

‘ But that must have been a mob hired by the government,’ said Stupeo : ‘ had it been a republican mob, it would have been a different thing ; we should then have had a fine display of rational principles.’

‘ All mobs,’ said the gentleman, ‘ are alike, whatever name you may give them. Mischief is their only desire, plunder the only object ; to their leaders they are a subject of perpetual dread. For my part, I would rather live under a Turkish bashaw, or in a country under martial law, than in a revolutionary country governed by mobs.’

‘ For this reason,’ said Stupeo, ‘ you are a man of *property*, but, for a man without any property, the latter is preferable, as it renders, in a summary way, the accumulations of wealth.’



‘ But then,’ answered the gentleman, ‘ you are not one moment sure of your plunder—a stronger man may tear it from you, and, like a worm caught by a chicken, the whole flock will in turn catch it from each other, till it is either pulled in pieces, or gulped down by some one at the hazard of choaking.’

‘ But that has nothing to do with liberty,’ cried Frederick. ‘ All riches, and especially hereditary riches, are to be considered as the salary of a sinecure office, where the labourer and the manufacturer perform the duties, and the principal spends the income in luxury and idleness. Hereditary wealth is in reality a premium paid to idleness, an immense annuity expended to retain mankind in *brutality* and ignorance, by the want of leisure (or time to be idle.) The *rich* are furnished indeed with the means of cultivation and literature,  
but

but they are paid for being dissipated and indolent. The most powerful means that malignity could have invented are employed to prevent them from improving their talents, and becoming useful to the public.\*

‘ You have made a very long speech,’ said the gentleman, ‘ on a very short subject ; all you have said amounting to this, that the poor are ignorant because they have not leisure to be idle, and the rich are ignorant because they are paid to be idle ; so that, in fact, all real knowledge centres in yourself ; and I have very little doubt but, in your eyes, all the rest of mankind are little more than ideas, or at best machines.’

‘ I will prove it by a demonstrable argument,’ cried Stupeo.

\* Godwin’s Political Justice, page 804.

‘ They are very destructive ideas then,’ said Doctor Alogos. ‘ To say the truth, I am become quite sick of society, and all human nature together. I will go and bury myself in the wilderness of America, where no mob will burn my house and destroy my library.’

‘ Oh!’ cried Frederick, ‘ there the people are free; there the spirit of truth fought with irresistible energy: republicans always fight with double ardour.’

‘ Enthusiasm,’ said the gentleman, ‘ is no proof of either truth or justice; but it is certain to inspire a desperate spirit in those who feel it, let the cause be liberty, religion, rebellion, revenge, plunder, or what not; though it is very well to ascribe to the justice of the cause what in fact is only due to the intoxicating enthusiasm of attaining a point,

point. Revenge in general inspires revolutions. The people feel the evils they suffer under; they forget that a change most probably will be for the worse; and to be revenged on one set of men, they become slaves of another. I believe their never yet happened a revolution, where the then living generation did not feel accumulated ill, and the benefit to the next is very doubtful. Time and the natural improvement of the human mind gradually introduces reform, and in our own constitution we find always some trifle to improve; and it is well known, that at this moment we enjoy more *real liberty than any of our ancestors*; for in the days, called the golden days of good Queen Bess, did not she grant so many monopolising patents, that a gentlernan demanded, in the House, if there was not going to be a patent for selling bread.



The next day the Doctor began to arrange his plans of emigration, procuring all the information he could of that delectable country, where poor people live better than the rich; where provisions are so plentiful, you have money to take them away; where more is paid to mechanics for their labour than the articles sell for; where there are no taxes, and where the travellers *bundle* with the daughters of the family.

Frederick felt his enthusiasm rise at this description, and determined to accompany the Doctor to Philadelphia, one of the finest and most regular cities in the world.—‘It is there,’ said he, ‘we shall begin to breathe on the broad basis of truth and reason; there all the puerile distinctions of religion and country are unknown, and man is respected for his good qualities.’

Laura

Laura raised many objections to the scheme, and Susan absolutely refused to trust herself in a foreign country without being married. Thus the Doctor was under a philosophical necessity of complying with a superstitious custom; and he could not refrain observing, that if he would have submitted to matrimony before, he might have married a lady of education and fortune, and not an ignorant pert baggage, who assumed the airs of a lady without the qualifications.

The estate and ruins of the mansion being sold, the Doctor determined to set out without putting in his claim to the damages he could demand from the county.

Frederick for a while suspended his designs upon Laura, foreseeing, that when they should be settled in a wilderness,

derness, she must of necessity be either his or Stupeo's, and he had no doubt but she would prefer the greater good.

## CHAPTER V.

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REFLECTIONS IN A STORM—THE  
DELIGHTS OF PHILADELPHIA—THE  
DOCTOR PURCHASES A LARGE ES-  
TATE IN KENTUCKY.

A Pleasant gale wafted these adventurers from the detestable island, where every thing was conducted in the worst manner possible, and where law and religion influenced the majority of men. Their hopes were high, and they discoursed and disputed with true metaphysical



physical ardour. The rest of the passengers were mechanics and countrymen, going over to make their fortunes, and the praises of America bounded from one mouth to another.

‘ I am astonished,’ said a man who had sold a very good trade to emigrate, ‘ I am astonished that any man remains in Europe, when all the blessings of life await him in America. I am going to purchase some lots of ground in the great city of Washington, which will shortly be the most magnificent in the world. All the houses will be polished free-stone, the most narrow streets will be as wide as Portland Place in London. Ships already arrive there, and the city will be the emporium of commerce: I understand that it already makes a noble appearance.’

‘ A very noble appearance indeed,’ said the Captain: ‘ the streets are all laid

laid out in right angles, upon paper. The number of workmen and mechanics employed in building this magnificent city is truly astonishing, they amount to nearly one hundred and fifty. But the chief advantage attending this city is, that it is contiguous to the estates of the President.'

'You speak,' said the passenger, 'as if you were an Englishman, and wished to discourage new settlers. I suppose you are jealous of others partaking in the pleasures of your country.'

'Very far from it,' said the Captain. 'I am amused with the golden dreams of emigrants, who expect to find silver crowns in America; and I can assure you what I tell you of Washington is literally true, and more than that, it never will be finished, on account of the local and multiplied inconveniences around it.'

'But

‘ But how comes it,’ said the other, ‘ that such advertisements are inserted in the newspapers ?’

‘ How comes it,’ said the Captain, ‘ you puff off any article you wish to dispose of?—Do you think it is natural for a man who has discovered a treasure, to call all the world to share it with him? This very reason ought to deter people, if they were not mad: they might be certain if America was that happy land held out to them by designing men, all the vagabonds in Europe would not be invited to its bowers.’

After they had sailed many days before a fair wind, the heavens became suddenly obscured, black clouds embattled over the deep, which hissed in rising breakers against the ship’s side. Sudden squalls furrowed the dark bosom of the ocean, and threatened to  
tear

tear the sails from the yards. All hands were ordered to work ; the sails were furled, the yards struck, the pumps cleared, and every preparation made for a storm.'

' My dear Doctor,' said Frederick, in the cabin, ' now we shall behold a grand display of magnificent scenery ; we shall see Nature in a rage, and admire the terrific features of her countenance.'

' I hope not,' said the Doctor ; ' I have no curiosity to behold the bottom of the terrible sea, to be hacked in pieces by the sword-fish, smothered in the embraces of polypusses, or devoured by aligators.'

' A true philosopher,' cried Stupéo, ' will behold the combustion of elements with tranquillity ; he would not tremble were all the human race scattered round  
his



his feet with a blaze of lightning; though the clouds were to become ignited and flame around his head; though the concave vault of the heavens was to become red hot; though the earth was to dissolve with fulminations beneath his feet, and parting nature to mix in chaotic confusion, yet would he stand firm and undismayed:—such are the effects of real philosophy.’

At that moment a loud crash of thunder burst over them, and rattled to a distance in various directions.

‘The devil take it,’ cried Stupeo, ‘that’s a horrid smash; the wind howls like an hundred wolves in a forest hung with snow. The sea thumps against the vessel as if it would break in the timbers. After all, men are very foolish to trust themselves so far from land in an egg-shell.’

‘It

‘It is nothing but an idea,’ said Laura. ‘What are you frightened at your own ideas?’

‘I am fearful,’ said the Doctor, ‘that even Mr. Hume must allow this storm to be something more than idea.’

‘I shall go on deck,’ said Frederick, ‘I am like an Englishman so far, that I am only afraid when I don’t see the danger.’

‘I will go with you,’ said Laura; ‘the ship trembles so much I cannot sit.’

It was with difficulty they could preserve themselves from falling by grasping the hatchway; but the scene that presented was the most terrible sublime. One universal canopy of black clouds seemed to unite the ocean with the heavens, and the rain poured down in  
such

such torrents, that they might be said to be overwhelmed in water; through this the vivid flashes of lightning played at leisure, dancing on the mountainous billows, and giving to the ridges of rolling waves, which tumbled over each other as if contending in a race, the momentary appearance of melting gold. The thunder was so near, that it appeared rather surrounding than above them, and the whole was a promiscuous confusion of fire and water, the waves reflecting and refracting the variegated lightnings in every direction.

‘ Oh ! great Creator of the universe,’ said Laura, a tear of piety starting from her eye; ‘ Oh ! that man would acknowledge thy power, for what prevents that thou shouldst at this moment destroy the whole earth, and expunge it from thy presence for the crimes of its people !’

‘ Surely.’

• Surely,' said Frederick, 'this is more than idea:—there must be an omnipotent Being, notwithstanding Mr. Hume and Stupeo. Were this storm the production of chance, it might continue, it *naturally* would continue for ever, and overwhelm creation.'

'Chance!' repeated Laura: 'How has it happened that this whole globe has never deviated from its orb? Why do not the planets leave their harmonic circles and dash each other to pieces? Harmony is not an attribute of chance, for the very word chance implies confusion. Surely, had not some infinite Being, whom we should tremble to name, given them their motions, they never could have continued within their orbit. But man, weak and silly man, denies Providence and miracles, because Providence is not every day working miracles to provide him a dinner.'

'That



‘ That peal of thunder seemed to me to shake the foundations of the universe,’ said Frederick :—‘ but you look quite composed, Laura—are you not frightened ?’

‘ I am indeed,’ said she, ‘ very much frightened, but I am not dismayed. ’Tis true I am a weak woman, but I look beyond these heavy and sulphurous clouds, to a Deity who knows the weakness of his creatures, and can, in his omnipotence, as well protect me as a world.’

‘ But do you think,’ said Frederick, ‘ that he regards at all the actions of human beings? If he did, why in the shipwreck of a vessel shall perhaps every man be drowned, except the most execrable villain amongst them ?’

‘ Because that the good and the bad are so connected, that a storm cannot  
fall

fall upon one without touching the other, and to a good man drowning is a very trifling evil.'

'How so? You speak now like a philosopher. Is it a trifle to be annihilated to self-consciousness, to lose all the pleasures of life, and become no more than the stone or vegetating shrub?'

'Indeed,' answered Laura, 'if such are your sentiments, death is to you the most tremendous of evils—you must shudder at the idea, and to secure yourself some paultry, transient gratifications, perpetrate unnumbered crimes. But, amidst this storm, when the next moment may overwhelm us beneath the deep, see how calm a woman can be, whose mind is acted upon by the cheering hopes of religion, and who expects hereafter to live to a beatified eternity.'

'But

‘ But I have no ideas of such a state, and we know that the vulgar notion of an heaven above us cannot physically be true.’

‘ And why not?’ said Laura :—‘ you will tell me perhaps, that beyond our system there are other systems, and beyond these others, reaching to distances surpassing comprehension. But, is space bounded by our imagination, or is all space filled with systems? Beyond all these systems may there not be a surrounding space where every idea of heaven may be realised, where new regions of inconceivable formation and glory may exist, for who shall limit the Supreme? Even suppose all space to be filled with systems and worlds, may not these stars be so many different paradises, fitting the disposition of different spirits?’

‘ These

‘These things,’ said Frederick, ‘may not be impossible; but they are very contrary to the doctrine of the great Stupeo. What a grand scene is he losing!—I will go and call him.’

The storm now raged with such violence, that the ship was given to the winds, driving between the furrows of the rushing waves. The great Stupeo laid upon the cabin floor, uttering the most horrid execrations—swearing that all hell was broke lose, and that the black demons of the air were running the ship into the clouds.

‘That’s a very sublime idea,’ said Frederick, ‘but I hope not literal, for if there be an hell, what will become of us?’

‘O God!’ cried Doctor Alogos, ‘I do acknowledge thy power; I was a fool ever to doubt it.’



Laura endeavoured to comfort poor Susan and the rest of the passengers in the cabin; and the better to prevent reflection, she desired them to sing some psalms, setting the example by beginning the 104th. The novelty of such an action in so despairing a situation gained their attention, and many joining in, the terror of the danger was damped; and they felt a something of conscious satisfaction, which is unknown to any but those who have been in some similar situation, or have felt the tranquillity of a quiet conscience. Even Stupeo himself changed his execrations into groans, and Frederick hung down his head in silent reflection.

The storm gradually subsiding, by degrees the several characters of the company returned, with this difference, that Stupeo maintained with more obstinacy than ever his doctrine of chance  
and

and scepticism. Frederick wavered in his mind according to the impulse of his passions; and Doctor Alogos became convinced that there was more in religion and common-place maxims of good and evil than the great Stupeo would allow.

In this disposition they arrived at Philadelphia, and rejoiced at the prospect of having reached a place where truth and justice had erected the standard of reason. Frederick was surprised to find the renowned city not so large as that part of Mary le-Bone which is built; but consoled himself with the loss of one of the finest cities in the world, as he could look over the ground where it *was* to stand.

As they passed along the streets, they were hooted at by the children, and called vagabond English, with other opprobrious names. — ‘This is very

'strange,' said Frederick: 'I thought the Americans made no distinctions of country; but we are only strangers yet—they will respect us when they know us better.'

They procured lodgings at an extravagant rate, and calling for refreshment, received some very coarse cakes, wretched butter, and salt meat, for in summer no *fresh* meat will keep a day; and for this they paid more than the best articles would have cost in London.

'Things are not quite as they should be even here,' said the Doctor.

'What do you mean by that?' said an American *waiter*. 'Do you mean to stigmatise Congress?'

'Heaven forbid,' replied the Doctor:

'I should

‘ I should like to speak to your master about my baggage.’

‘ My master ! I don’t know such a man. Do you think I am a slave ?—I am a-republican, a free-born American. But who are you ? Some lousy, beggarly emigré, come here to cut wood and hew stone for us.’

Doctor Alogos looked in silent amazement. Frederick was rising to kick the republican down stairs ; but Stupeo observed that this was the genuine blunt spirit of freedom : that, like Spartans, the Americans took perfect liberty of speech.

‘ But they do not seem to allow it to others,’ said Laura.

The heat was extremely intense, so much so, that the whole company confined themselves within doors, deliberating



rating on the mode they should adopt in promoting their pastoral scheme. Laura amused herself at the windows: to her it had an air of novelty to see every third person a black; but she was astonished to see the people labouring notwithstanding the violent heat, which was almost suffocating to those who remained inactive; and the swarms of muscatoes were to Englishmen a perfect plague.

‘These labourers,’ said a waiting-maid, ‘are Scotch, Irish, and German emigrants, who earn *eleven shillings* a day currency.’

‘Eleven shillings a day!’ exclaimed Frederick; ‘it is more than our peasants in England earn in a week: they must live like noblemen. But what do you call currency?’

‘Why

‘Why it’s about six and sixpence English; but they are very badly off for all that, for every thing is so dear they can hardly live upon it, and one half of them soon die of fevers and agues.’

The landlord’s daughter was a prettyish girl, and night coming on, Frederick requested her to *bundle* with him.—‘If you insult me,’ said she, ‘our Mathew shall bundle you into the Delaware.’

Frederick was astonished at this frankness.—It is very different here, said he to himself, but I don’t know whether it is all for the better.

In the night Frederick was disturbed by the rumbling of carts:—it is very strange, thought he, that so many night-men are at work at once in such a little city, or perhaps they all come through

this street. The Americans surely don't go in carts to balls.—In the morning he inquired, and was informed it was only the *dead carts* that carried away those who died in the course of the day.

‘That’s strange,’ said he; ‘I counted near twenty, and this city is of very narrow extent.’—‘It is a very magnificent city, and the largest in all the union,’ said the landlord; ‘but the yellow fever carries off some dozens in a day: however, we don’t mind these things since we have got our independence.’

‘Very true,’ replied the Doctor; ‘liberty sweetens every thing, and it is a glorious epoch in the annals of man, that property ceases in this great western Continent to influence the actions of men.’

The

The landlord gazed with surprise.—  
‘Property,’ said he, ‘is the only stimulus to commerce—commerce is the support of arts and sciences, and no man will be above trade: we have no honest gentlemen here—no idle hands—if a man will not work, he may starve.’

‘That’s a detestable system,’ said Stupeo; ‘the ancient Spartans never degraded themselves with work. Man in a state of nature does not work, he has few wants, and these the waters or the woods supply.’

‘That may be, friend; but our motto is *Endure, but hope*, and that of all new-comers is *Work, or starve*. I see you are a green one yet, and unseasoned; all you people from the old world think money is made for nothing here—but it is all a farce.’



‘Where in the world,’ said the Doctor, ‘shall we find the genuine principles of liberty and equality?’

‘As to liberty,’ said the American, ‘every man has liberty to follow any trade he pleases, and to vote for the Congress if he is a naturalised citizen; and as to equality, we have no titles except *‘squire*, but for equality of property, as some of our own people would like it, it’s a mere fire-fly of a dark evening.’

The idea of the yellow fever had damped the spirits of the whole company, and it was resolved to quit the city of Philadelphia with all convenient speed. This matter was under consideration when a thin man entered the room.

‘My good friends,’ said he, ‘I understand you intend settling upon an agricultural

agricultural plan. Agriculture is the most noble pursuit of independent man, and a sure source of wealth.'—'How did you know our intention?' said the Doctor; 'we have not yet been twenty-four hours in the city.'

'My desire to serve all mankind,' replied he, 'and to prevent the schemes of impostors, who, taking advantage of their local knowledge, often deceive and cheat strangers, has led me to intrude upon you.'

'Indeed,' said Alogos, 'I thought all the people of the new world had been disinterested and benevolent towards all mankind, who fly from the old world to be free of its crimes.'

'Human nature, Sir, is not yet arrived at perfection: 'tis true we are advancing rapidly forward—witness the

great public roads and canals which intersect the country.'

'Why are these roads?' said Frederick: 'You ought to throw every impediment in the way of commerce: it is thence arises all our evils.'

'That is very true, Sir, but in this country to talk disrespectfully of commerce is high treason: we are a commercial people. By means of these roads and canals, we have peopled the great wilderness, and planted settlements where only rattlesnakes used to bask. To what part of the Continent do you intend journeying?'

'That we are undetermined upon,' said the Doctor; 'we would be as far from society as we can, and in a country where we can enjoy the advantages of nature.'

'Then

‘ Then Kentucky is your object ; it is the most delectable spot on the face of the earth ; it is a second Arcadia, a continued scene of romantic delight and picturesque prospects. An author of *undoubted* veracity has given an history of that heavenly region. Sympathy, says he, is regarded as the essence of the human soul, participating of celestial matter, and as a spark engendered to warm our benevolence, and lead to the raptures of love and rational felicity.

‘ With such sentiments our amusements flow from the interchange of civilities, and a reciprocal desire of pleasing. That sameness may not cloy and make us dull, we vary the scene as the nature of circumstances will permit. The opening spring brings with it the prospect of our summer’s labour, and the brilliant sun actively warms into life the vegetable world, which blooms  
and



and yields a profusion of aromatic odours. A creation of beauty is now a feast of joy, and to look for amusement beyond this genial torrent of sweets would be a perversion of nature, and a sacrilege against heaven.'

The season of sugar-making occupies the women, whose mornings are cheered by the modulated buffoonery of the mocking bird, the tuneful song of the thrush, and the gaudy plumage of the parroquet. Festive mirth crowns the evening. The business of the day being over, the men join the women in the *sugar groves*, where enchantment seems to dwell. The lofty trees wave their spreading branches over a green turf, on whose soft down the mildness of the evening invites the neighbouring youth to sportive play, while our rural nestors, with calculating minds, contemplate the boyish gambols of a growing progeny; they recount the exploits  
of

of their early age, and in their enthusiasm, forget there are such things as decrepitude and misery. Perhaps a convivial song, or a pleasant narration closes the scene.\*

‘Or perhaps,’ said Laura, with a smile, ‘the fairy strikes with her silver wand, and the whole vanishes, leaving behind an uncultivated wilderness.’

‘It’s every word true,’ said Citizen Common: ‘I have not told you half what Mr. Im—y says of it. I am a surveyor, and can point you out the most eligible situations, which, out of my respect for your characters, I will do without reward. Here are plans of eight different estates, from one hundred acres to five thousand. There are three qualities of land, but I suppose you would prefer the best, which will

\* See Imley’s *Romantic Account of Kentucky*.

be parted with prodigiously cheap—  
twelve guineas for the hundred acres.'

' Twelve guineas for the hundred acres!' exclaimed the Doctor: ' why you mistake, you are giving the land away. Ah! if all the poor vagabonds in the old world knew that here they could have a portion of earth for almost nothing, they would beg, borrow, or steal, to procure a passage to this land of milk and honey.'

' There are thousands every year,' said the stranger, ' who benefit by our hospitality. If I might advise, this plat of ground, situated on the north fork of the Elkhorn, is the most eligible for a first settlement.'

' Well,' said the Doctor, ' if you bring me the title deeds and witnesses, I will purchase that: a thousand acres  
is

is just an hundred and eight guineas, and that's a mere song.'

' Indeed,' said Common, with a stare, ' you shall have the deeds drawn out and registered with precision.'—This being settled, he observed that at such a distance, they would require to take with them various implements of husbandry, and articles of necessity, every thing being tripled in expence beyond the Allegany mountains.

' But why,' said Frederick, ' should we encumber ourselves with articles of luxury? We intend to quit society, and will not load ourselves with its inconveniences.'

' My dear Sir,' said Common, ' you advance beyond the mark: so much do we depend upon each other, that we can neither begin nor proceed without the co-operation of our fellows: for instance,



instance, how will you cultivate the earth? Will you tear down the trees with your bodily prowess? or will you turn the sod with your nails? You must have spades and ploughs, and a variety of other articles.'

'We were obliged to have all these in England,' said Frederick: 'I do not see that labour is less or more easy in the new world than the old.'

'Infinitely so,' cried Common; 'farmers here work for themselves, wages are so high that they cannot afford to hire men, and land is so cheap that servants soon become masters.'

'That is as it should be,' said Stuppo, 'that is something like equality; in our country, a farmer with a few hundred acres does little more than overlook his servants.'

Under

Under the direction of Common, near a thousand pounds were expended in articles necessary for a settlement. The patent was made out at the regular office, and four waggons waited the pleasure of these great men, who quitted the haunts of luxury in search of virtue and liberty in an howling wilderness.

Every article as they passed along the road was exorbitantly dear, seventeen dollars being charged for a common dinner for themselves and their horses: but what more astonished them, was the impertinence of the innkeepers, who being all agricultural men, did not altogether depend on their inns, and conceived travellers to be the obliged parties.

‘ This is very singular hospitality,’ said the Doctor: ‘ I have read a book which informed me it was customary  
to

to travel from farm-house to farm-house, and from New England to Maryland, almost free of expence.'

'Republicans,' said Stupeo, 'are independent people, they do not cringe and fawn upon you for a shilling like your traders in Europe, they possess a conscious manly dignity.'

'The dignity of an innkeeper is certainly very great,' said Laura; 'but I prefer the slavish European, where people seem obliged to you at least.'

As they advanced over the mountains to Fort Pit, they were charmed with the scenery and the majestic river Ohio, down which they sailed, between extensive savannahs and high-towering forests, where scarcely the beams of day, much less the foot of man, ever penetrated.

Stupeo,

Stupeco, who, as a man of profound reflection, was frequently subject to melancholy, to dissipate which, he had recourse to peach brandy and American rum, (indeed these mingled with water are the common drink); but though he was no milk-sop, he was soon seized with a dysentery, which to his comfort he found was very usual to new comers.

Being arrived at Lexington, the metropolis of the finest country in the world, they were a little surprised at sight of about thirty ill-looking wooden houses, but they had seen so many wonders in the new world, that they were not altogether confounded, and Stupeco declared that he was delighted at the prospect of coming nearer a state of nature than they had even hoped or expected.

There



Their large train of baggage was a sufficient sign of importance to procure them several visitors: by this means the place of their intended settlement was quickly known, and a great deal of unnecessary trouble avoided, there being already a family at Lexington, come from Virginia, with a grant for the same land, which they were unable to settle, it being already in the possession of another holder.

‘This is inconceivable,’ said Doctor Alogos; ‘one had need possess a share of *suffering* philosophy to endure this: but how am I to be righted?’

‘You may go to law,’ replied the informant. ‘I am an attorney, and will do you justice; for though the other purchaser has been at law this twelve-month, and has lost his cause, that was because he did not employ me.’

‘Go

‘Go to law!’ cried the Doctor with horror; ‘what are there laws and lawyers in a wilderness? I expected to have found nothing worse than rattlesnakes and tigers.’

‘The world could not exist without law,’ said the lawyer. ‘Why, it is almost impossible to purchase a lot of land here without a law-suit entailed, for at the office they grant patent upon patent, so that any man may choose what part he prefers of the whole country, and when he is here he cannot easily return.’

‘That is right,’ cried Stupeo, ‘that is exactly my system of argument, the greatest resulting good is the first to be defined; the wilderness must be peopled, and the human race expanded over the surface of the earth.’

‘But

‘ But can we have no land?’ said Frederick; ‘ surely this prodigious country is not all monopolised?’

‘ You may have thousands of acres,’ replied the lawyer; ‘ but, if you would be safe, you must purchase at second-hand—that is, a lot from the great farmers. You may have good uncultivated land at six guineas the hundred acres. Mr. Common imposed upon you more than one half, but I am an honest man.’

## CHAPTER VI.

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THE PLEASURES OF BENDING NATURE  
TO THE RULES OF ART — STUPEO  
AND SUSAN DETERMINE TO PEOPLE  
THE WILDERNESS — THE SUPERI-  
ORITY OF SAVAGE LIFE EXEM-  
PLIFIED.

HAVING made a purchase of three hundred acres, about one hundred and fifty miles from Lexington, nearer the Ohio, containing two fine mill seats, with water carriage for timber, they began their march through the wilder-



ness. Every ten or twelve miles along the road a little plantation was begun. Laura looked in vain for the blooming orchards and sugar groves, with fine lawns beneath them; she saw indeed some clusters of sugar-mapple trees at intervals in the woods, where *Nature* had planted them; but as to the velvet meadows, nothing of that sort appeared, the native grass being several feet high, matted so as to be almost impassable, and too rank for any use. The weather was insufferably hot—millions of insects tormented them night and day—snakes curled along the tracts (called roads) and prodigious large frogs and toads wallowed in every little tank of stagnate water which the impenetrable forest prevented the sun from evaporating.

Neither milk nor butter were procurable at any price, and they were under the necessity of drinking spirits and water, which threw them all into  
flight

slight fevers, and added strength to the disease of Stupeo.

Being arrived at the place where they were to settle, they were a little surpris'd to find it covered with prodigious large trees, which seem'd to bid defiance to human labour. A thick cane brake over-ran half the surface, and was so matted and entangled with the trees, that they could not even clear a path through. The ground, which was not thus covered, was apparently so barren, that the black heaths of England were a sort of comparative garden.

‘ It is plain to me,’ said Stupeo, ‘ that cultivating the ground is a deviation from the state of nature. Has she not spread her wide extended branches to shelter us from heat and from rain? Has she not scattered various fruits and shrubs within our reach, and

what do we want more? When we shall have spent our strength in destroying these trees, and laboured to raise the rotten sods into life, shall we not set some value on the earth? We shall become proud, selfish, and tyrannical—we shall not readily yield it to another, and thus we give birth to all the horrors of civil life.'

'It is too late now to retract,' said Laura; 'surely the resources of philosophy are not exhausted, reason and truth have now full power to expand unchecked, in the desert wild.'

'To be perfectly free,' said Stupco, 'we should become like the roaming Indians; let us give to mankind a great and glorious example; let us cast aside our clothes, they are an incumbrance beneath the dignity of virtue, let us live like the wild Indians.'

'You

‘ You may if you like,’ said Laura, laughing, ‘ but I fear you will not easily do without brandy, and that’s a forbidden article in the big book of Nature.’

‘ For my part,’ said Frederick, ‘ I will try the inconveniences of a detached life before I wholly enter into a state of savagism; we have contracted so many unnatural wants, which reason knows to be useless, that it requires time to root out our habits and prejudices.’

In about a week’s time, an uncomfortable hovel was erected, with the help of some neighbours; but those philosophers had so little resolution in encountering great difficulties, that these three great men were another week before they had cut off the lower boughs of a few trees, where they had planned a kitchen garden.



Stupeco was thrown off his legs with the little exertion he had made, the heat and the bad provisions, no meat keeping without salt. No physician was within many miles, and that one an ignorant quack, whose whole knowledge was drawn from a Salmon's Dispensatory, and the London Compleat Art of Healing.

Stupeco pretended he rejoiced that nature would have her course; but she soon so reduced him, that it was evident the great man would quit the world without having caused one revolution; and the Doctor dispatched a messenger for the surgeon, who, on his arrival, prescribed some common medicines, which greatly relieved the patient.

Doctor Alogos lamented the want of books, though he had very little time to read: what leisure he had was spent in idle repining, and cursing the day he  
ever

ever set his foot on the new world, which to his eyes appeared only half formed. He had another subject of disquiet in Susan, who was every day reproaching him with having carried her out of the world to die in a desert. Laura was the only one any way contented, for the sweetness of her disposition, and her affection to her uncle, overlooked many difficulties.—Surely, thought the Doctor, there is something at least very pleasant in the attachment of kindred, and though she may love me as an individual, contrary to the new philosophy, I do not perceive any great evil in it.

The progress they made in cultivation, served only to shew them the futility of their undertaking, and a whole family happening to die of a fever occasioned by over labour, they purchased the farm, which had been brought into some degree of cultivation. The ground, which

had never been turned up to the air, being composed of rotten vegetable substance, was loaded with febrile particles and noxious vapour, the effects of which are frequently seen in the deaths of new-comers; nor did the Doctor and Frederick escape without a severe fit of the ague, which disabled them from labour.

The great Stupeo seemed here buried in unworthy obscurity: he saw his genius and talents unemployed, and mankind unbenefitted by his labours. He had fruitlessly attempted to injure the innocence of Laura, who detested him even more than Frederick; and he resolved no longer to suffer the unjust monopoly which Doctor Alogos practised in the person of Susan. The latter was heartily tired of the Doctor, who was not so young as Stupeo, and having imbibed the real principles of equality, she made very little difficulty of aiding

to people this wilderness, where, it must be confessed, there was a little too much of solitude.

The Doctor beheld, as a singular phenomenon, the change of Susan's shape, which neither reason nor argument could account for, though it was evident there must have been a cause superior to chance.

'It may be nothing more than an idea,' said Stupeo; 'but at any rate it does not signify who is the parent of the child—the resulting good is equal: it is of no consequence to the child, because under the protection of philosophy, its mind will gradually expand to the genial beams of truth. I am of opinion, that children should be brought up indifferently by the male or female, as it may happen. Why, I would ask, in the name of common sense, are not



men as well calculated for nurseries as women?’

‘Because,’ said Laura, ‘they are not so domestic, and because Providence has provided the female with a nutriment adapted to the tenderness of infancy.’

‘That arises from mere repletion,’ said the great philosopher, ‘and is the source of all our diseases—we draw in corruption at the breast, and if we would one day become immortal, I am of opinion we should be educated independent from the birth, and fed upon something more natural than milk, which is of all substances soonest corrupted.’

‘Of course upon brandy,’ said Laura; ‘brandy is one of the least corruptible of fluids.’

Susan,

Sufan, in due time, brought a man child into the world; but no physician or person of skill being within reach, an ignorant old woman officiated, and the poor wretch expired in agony.

‘Such,’ cried Stupeo, ‘are the consequences of being neither in nor out of society:—here we are in a desert, abandoned by our species, with all the habits we contracted in society, and no means to satisfy them:—if we had been in a state of nature, nature would have accomplished every thing.’

The Doctor was shocked at the event, though satisfied she had not been constant to himself; and he more than ever began to doubt the reality and practicability of the sublime doctrines of the new philosophy. Stupeo undertook the education of the boy, whom he insisted should enjoy perfect freedom,

dom, and be allowed to crawl about the house like any other animal.

‘He shall not be thwarted in any thing,’ said he: ‘the great Rousseau tells us that we only implant vices into children by pretending to teach them justice, and destroy the temper by checking the sallies of imagination.’ Unfortunately for the enlightened system of education, this grand experiment proved abortive. The tender infant sickened, and died of a consumption.

Frederick, however, maintained that it was the kindness of Laura which killed it; and Stupeo discovered that it was stung to death with muscatoes, its body being delicate, and not plaistered over with unguents of grease, like the infants of Indians; and the Doctor swore that Stupeo had poisoned it with brandy. Thus these three great men could not agree upon so insignificant a thing

a thing as the death of a child under a grand philosophical experiment: where then is the wonder that men are daily cutting each others throats for a difference of political opinion?

One day when these three philosophers were labouring in the field, sometimes uttering execrations, and sometimes disputing, not a little to the prejudice of *immutable* truth, which often appeared in different shapes, a troop of Miama Indians crossed the Ohio in their punts, and carried off all the portable articles at the little farm, which they had dignified with the name of Clarens. Poor Laura shared the fate of the rest of the stock, and it was not known to the philosophers till their return home.

‘Black for ever be the day!’ exclaimed the Doctor, ‘when I left England with all its evils—there, persons  
and



and property enjoyed some protection. Alas! my dear Laura, my beloved child is murdered and scalped!

‘Nothing more natural,’ said Stupeo, coolly: ‘savages do not make those childish distinctions we do between beauty and ugliness—revenge is all they seek for the unjust usurpation of the Europeans:—are we not driving them from their ancient possessions, and daily narrowing their bounds and power to live?’

‘What have they done,’ said the Doctor, ‘in the course of some thousand years? The utmost extent of their knowledge in agriculture, is the planting of a few slips of maize and tobacco.’

‘But they enjoy perfect liberty,’ said Frederick; ‘they have few vices and few wants—they roam at will over the face

face of the creation:—I feel myself enamoured of savage life.'

'I see plainly,' returned the Doctor, 'that very few men can exist in a savage state: I see we must have made a progress in arts and sciences before we can pretend to civil life. Thus arts and sciences, with all their defects, tend to encrease the numbers of mankind. Indeed, I begin to perceive philosophy has not every claim I supposed to universal acceptance.'

'The new philosophy is immutable,' cried Stupéo; 'and notwithstanding every check from selfishness, it will in time sap all society, and depopulate those hot-houses of vice and disease—large cities.'

'My life,' cried Alogos, 'is a burden in this wilderness:—I have no books to amuse and instruct me — no  
intercourse

intercourse of polished friendship, all is rugged and rude. There is *no market* for commodities that might stimulate avarice. I feel a thousand wants I cannot gratify, and even common necessities I cannot procure. Affection, which I once thought a blind partiality, I now find like a balm amidst the evils of life; and as I have lost my Laura, I am completely wretched. I am not now equal to the task of cultivating the ground; and I might have procured more comforts, conveniences, and luxuries in England, as a day labourer, than in this wild with all its freedom.'

'I must grant,' said Frederick, 'that we have too much labour: this is not a state congenial to human nature—this is solitude without its concomitants, plenty, liberty, and ease. What signifies my being at liberty to wander in a forest and shoot deer, when I must till the ground or starve: this is not genuine equality,

equality, and I am determined to seek it in a savage state.'

'For me,' said the Doctor, 'I am so completely wretched, that I will seek no farther for a bauble—I will die here.'

'The great moralist, Rousseau,' said Stupéo, 'has said, *by rendering life insupportable, God orders one to quit it.* Now you believe in a Deity, and surely you may trust his mercy.'

'I will not provoke his anger, thou friend of darkness,' said Doctor Alogos, with more energy than he usually displayed: 'do I suffer one single inconvenience I have not brought upon myself, and you would have me close the account with murder. The Deity does not act by evils, nor are the consequences of our head-strong passions, our follies, and our crimes, to be laid



laid to his charge. Rousseau was a fool with all his rants and declamations, and many of his followers shew their long ears.'

A black slave, whom these advocates for universal freedom had *purchased*, his labour being cheaper than an hired servant, now entered the hut, with the tidings that Laura had been seen crossing the Ohio with the Indians, in a western direction.

Doctor Alogos, at this intelligence, roused himself to action, and the two philosophers proposed to accompany him, more from an expectance of novelty than any desire to recover Laura, who would never attend to the lectures of these great men.

They set out on horseback well armed, pursuing the track pointed out to them. For four days they followed the

the Indians, till their provisions were exhausted, and their horses nearly jaded out. They subsisted upon the wild berries and fruit in the forests, still continuing their rout, and having plenty of powder, the birds supplied them a frequent repast.

By degrees they lost all knowledge of the direction of the country. Their horses fell beneath them, and the under-wood became almost impenetrable. A council of war was called, in which Frederick pleaded strenuously that they should join the first band of Indians they might meet, and cast away every trace of society; he even proposed that they should abandon their arms and clothes, and trust wholly to chance.

This he was prevailed upon to give up, by the observance that the Indians were not so divested of all art as to be without arms, these being necessary in  
a roaming

a roaming life to procure themselves food.

Doctor Alogos, who had no wish to return without his niece, complied with all the sublime whims of these great men; and though he was far from being in perfect health, he attended them through the dreary labyrinths of an almost impassable forest, where hunger and thirst were their constant companions.

For near ten days they did not see a single human being except themselves. They had fallen in with a drove of buffaloes, on one of which they made a plentiful repast. Their shoes were already worn out, and the green hide bound with thongs supplied the place; though they now ran considerable hazard from the swarms of snakes which basked in the sun, or hung from the trees like caterpillars in an English hedge.

hedge. Frederick being the tallest, had received several severe contusions from the boughs of the trees, and the infinite swarms of muscatoes which seemed to fill the air, goaded the whole party incessantly.

Some Indians they accidentally fell in with, ran away from them in terror. In the woods they found several skeletons, which, from their mutilated state, appeared to have been killed in battle.

‘It is very singular,’ said Frederick, ‘that even these savages, who are very little more advanced in civil life than ouran outangs, should delight so much in war.’

‘War,’ replied Stupéo, ‘is congenial to human nature :—what, are all the civilised states that now exist immersed in voluptuousness and sloath? All the  
manly



manly virtues are lost, when arts and sciences are cultivated. Look back to the ancients—the Celtæ, the Danes, the Goths, the Scythians, and all those hardy tribes who lived only in war, we shall there find all the heroic virtues, the contempt of danger, the bravery of seasons, the generosity of friendship, and the gallantry to the fair, so peculiar to the times of chivalry — all these are the children of a state of perpetual war.’

‘ I thought,’ said the Doctor, ‘ you held gallantry in contempt, as a pusillanimous trifling, unworthy a great mind ; and that particular friendships are an outrage against political justice.’

‘ So I do,’ cried Stupeo ; ‘ and who ever knew me retract what I once advanced ?’

‘ But how do you reconcile the contradiction ?’

‘ A philo-

‘ A philosopher can reconcile every thing. The new philosophy is founded upon the broad expanded basis of universal truth; it establishes principles not all the powers of kings and priests shall overthrow, much less a few contradictions.’

This warm debate was interrupted by some female screams. The Doctor cocked his rifle piece, and the whole company moved towards the place, where, in a little retreat, they saw an Indian severely beating two women with a cane.

‘ This is very astonishing gallantry,’ said Doctor Alogos, ‘ this is a warlike people; but let us inquire what is the reason of this usage.’

Their black servant, Mungo, who understood the dialect of the five nations,  
inquired

inquired the meaning of the chastisement.

‘Because I choose it,’ said the Indian: ‘I have a great mind to shoot them both with my arrow.’

‘Well, but you have some cause for your anger,’ said the Doctor, through the medium of Mungo.—‘To be sure I have:—I ordered them to shoot some plovers for my dinner, while I was painting myself with this delightful blue, and they return to tell me they can find none.’

‘I suppose,’ said the Doctor, ‘you are related to them?’—‘They are my wives.’—‘One of them is very young.’—‘She is my daughter.’\*—‘What, do

\* See Byron’s Narrative, Cook’s Voyages, Loss of the Grosvenor, &c.

you use your daughter as a wife?"—"To be sure I do—have not I the most right to my own? Does not Nature and the great Manetaw of the lakes tell us to do so?"

'We must acknowledge,' said the Doctor, 'this is very strange: the women appear universally to be slaves to the men; but alas! what a mere brute is man, when some greater law than his own will does not curb his passions. If this be liberty, bind me for ever to a galley oar.'

'I find nothing strange in all this,' said Stupeo. 'These men are ignorant of the sublime doctrines of philosophy—they do things without seeing their fitness, and therefore may err a little in promoting universal good; for instance, what is there unnatural in this revulsion of kindred; is it not a common practice with animals?'



‘What horrid principles,’ said Alogos: ‘how would it be possible to rear brothers and sisters to maturity?’

‘That’s none of my business,’ replied Stupeo; ‘I do not concern myself with trifles.’

Doctor Alogos felt the truth of this reply; and having witnessed the brilliant virtues of a warlike nation in the savage state, he concluded that the whole human species was under some dreadful curse, for insanity seemed to influence all their actions.

The following day they crossed a large savannah, where they could not procure the smallest sustenance; and in the evening tired and exhausted, they arrived at a little settlement of Indians.

‘Now,’

‘ Now,’ cried Frederick in rapture, ‘ we shall behold genuine hospitality; we shall see pure nature unsophisticated by the vices of society?’

They requested of an Indian, in an humble tone, some hoe cake, but received for answer, that they had scarcely sufficient for themselves, and a demand of some of their arms.

This was very unexpected to these philosophers, who, notwithstanding their knowledge of human nature, often made egregious mistakes, and finding pity and hospitality alike unknown, they bargained for a supply of provisions, in exchange for a brace of pistols and some shot.

‘ These men,’ said Stupeo, ‘ must have been contaminated by trading with Europeans, at least they possess the  
irtues

virtues of sacred friendship ; with them the security of oaths is unnecessary.'

'Sacred friendship,' said Doctor Alogos ; 'you are a profound philosopher—you can acknowledge what you stand in need of: you deny and affirm just as it suits your then convenience.'

'And what is the use of words,' returned the other, 'if we are not to turn them to our own advantage?'

Having with difficulty procured leave to repose in one of the wigwams, they made many inquiries into the situation of the country, but received no satisfactory answer, and from the tone of their dialect, they appeared to be a tribe beyond any that had immediate connection with Europeans. They lay down upon some long grass; their weariness caused them to sleep particularly

larly found, and they were not a little amazed to find in the morning most of their clothes stolen, with two of their fowling pieces.

‘ So much for savage honesty and justice,’ said Alogos: ‘ they are a parcel of rascally thieves, and where is their sacred hospitality in leaving us here to perish in a wild, without arms or clothes; for we have saved nothing but what we kept on our backs, or concealed beneath the grass at the request of Mungo.’

‘ In the first place,’ said Stupeo, ‘ we have no right to complain, they have not taken our lives, which, from our imprudence, was in their power: and in the second, we mistake terms. In society, I grant this would be called a robbery, but, amongst the children of nature, it is only taking from another what they want to use themselves: they



have not our ideas of particular property.'

'It seems to me, however,' said Frederick, 'that they were conscious of injustice, or they would not all have departed in this sneaking way. I begin to think the savage state of man is not conducted on philosophical principles.'

'That is what I have been saying all the time,' cried Stupeo. 'Listen while I explain to you the progress of human nature, from gross darkness to superstition; from superstition to the great light of truth; and from thence to philosophical ignorance, which is the genuine state of real felicity.'

'You might as well talk of the light darkness of the full noon of night,' cried the Doctor in a rage.—'I'll demonstrate

demonstrate it,' cried Stupeo.—' You contradict yourself,' said Frederick ; ' I'll prove that philosophy——'

' You may prove the devil,\* said Stupeo, ' if you will, but you shan't overturn my argument, which is founded on the broad basis of truth and universal man.'

' What, will you have eatee masses?' said Mungo:—and the three great philosophers arose to provide themselves breakfast from a neighbouring brook, where they gathered some herbs.

## CHAPTER VII.

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THE VAGABONDS ARRIVE AT A PERFECT REPUBLIC ON THE PRINCIPLES OF EQUALITY AND POLITICAL JUSTICE.

OUR troop of philosophical vagabonds set out, they knew not whither, and had not gone far before they found, exposed beneath a tree, an Indian child, puny, weak, and almost expiring.

‘Behold!’ cried Alogos, ‘the humanity of savages! this, I suppose, is parental

parental care. This poor wretch is so ill-formed, that it will take too much trouble to rear; and savages have too many wants to supply, and are too ignorant of physic to encumber themselves with a sickly infant.'

'It is a glorious practice,' exclaimed Stupro; 'and shews them to be, in fact, more humane than ourselves. Of what value is life with an unhealthy or deformed person? We are, in such a case, a burden to ourselves and to others.'

'But how many great heroes and philosophers have had very little persons,' said Doctor Alogos. 'I do not apprehend the human mind to be in admeasurement to the prowess of the body—so far from it, that men of brilliant genius, have most frequently been of weak constitutions; the hardy and robust being too full of animal spirits



to be contented with speculations, and why may we not find, in this very custom, the reason that Indians remain in a stationary state, as they deprive themselves of these persons of intellect?’

‘It explains to me,’ said Frederick, ‘what I had attributed to their manner of life and want of luxuries. It is easy to have none but people of strength and vigour, if all that are otherwise be destroyed in infancy.’

‘Experience,’ replied Alogos, with a deep sigh, ‘is the best school, but the mischief is, that those who are yet well, will not take warning by example, till they suffer themselves.’

For forty days they continued to wander, more than once encountering a few stragling Indians, who attempted to convince them, that in a state of nature,

nature, *force* was the only law, and passion the only standard of right. They came at length to a great chain of mountains, extremely barren, and placed in such confusion, that they appeared scattered by the hand of Tempest.

They had continued their journey, merely from the restless spirit of rambling, and the dread they felt of returning to their delightful farm of Clarens. They now debated whether they should climb the summit, or take some other route; but the expectation of beholding an entire new country, invited them to labour at the steep. They were by this time so accustomed to hardship, that a trifle could not intimidate them, and in three days they gained the elevation of the mountains.

They gazed upon the prospect beneath them, which was much superior to their expectation. A fine level

country, interspersed with gentle swellings, and intersected with limped streams, watering extensive groves, presented itself. Amongst the groves appeared high spires and lofty domes, evidently the workmanship of ingenious artists.

The philosophers were enraptured, and wearied themselves in conjectures of what region they could be advanced to. They waited impatiently for the morning, when they began to unravel the mazes which wound down from the mountains, and it was the ensuing day before they reached the base.

They then refreshed themselves with some fine fruit, which seemed to grow neglected, and proceeded forward towards the great piles of buildings which they had seen from far. They overtook a man who was slowly walking, with his eyes bent upon the ground,

as if in deep study, and totally naked. Our philosophers were therefore not put out of countenance by their own ragged appearance.

Doctor Alogos accosted him in various languages, but without being understood, when the man enquired in Hebrew what they were, and how they came into that country.—‘Why do you walk naked?’ said the Doctor.

‘Because we have nobody to make clothes.’—‘How do you employ yourselves?’—‘I am studying the public good.’

‘Studying the public good!’ repeated the Doctor: ‘you are then a legislator of the country?’—‘No, I am a private individual; but it is the place of every man to study to promote the public good.’

Having



Having passed this politician, who seemed unwilling to speak much, our vagabonds disputed with themselves on the nature of the country, which they thought very strange, especially as they met several persons employed studying the public good. A man striking a tree sometimes with his fist, and then with his head, induced the Doctor to inquire the meaning of so singular an action.—

‘What are you doing?’ said the Doctor.—‘I am endeavouring to drive this *idea* out of my path.’—‘That is not an idea,’ said the Doctor, ‘that’s a reality.’—‘All things are ideas,’ replied the man: ‘every thing which appears to exist, is merely an idea: we cannot prove that there is reality, body, substance, extension, or any such quality.’

‘Very good,’ said the Doctor: ‘I fancy before you have beat that idea in form of a tree, out of your way, you

you will have an idea of a fractured skull.'

As they advanced along the high road, the hedges of which were fallen into decay, they overtook a troop of people, who were moving a tree by means of a machine; the greater part stood idle, while five or six furthered the work. Doctor Alogos enquired of the nearest what was the name of the country. The man paused for some time, at length replied, 'I do not think it for the public good to answer you—I will reflect upon it.'—While he stood reflecting, he was called by his comrades; the first gang of labourers retiring for another to take their places.

The travellers proceeded onwards towards the great city. They perceived some builders repairing an house, which, from its singular construction, engaged their attention. While they  
stood

stood admiring, all the labourers gave over work. A man, who was half-way up a ladder, fixed his burden on an hook, which seemed there on purpose. Some men winding up a crane, fixed the pulley upon a catch, and left the beam hanging in the air. The whole party sauntered away different ways, and a new set advancing, began to labour. The travellers reflected on this incident, remaining stationary for some time. In half-an-hour this new set of builders retired like the former, and another troop advanced.

‘ This is a curious mode of building,’ said the Doctor.—‘ It seems an equal division of labour,’ said Stupeo; ‘ I dare say we are arrived at last in a country of philosophers.’

‘ But at this rate an house will not be finished in ten years:—the public good

good does not seem much promoted by this means.'

They proceeded on, and saw on one side of the road a smith's shop. They paused to see if labour was here equally divided. Some iron in the fire was heated to a proper heat, taken out, and laid upon the anvil, when the man who was working left it there and marched away. Another took his place, but the welding heat was lost, and the iron was returned again to the fire.

A man drew near them in deep thought, and the Doctor ventured to inquire the subject of his reflection.—'I am debating,' replied he, 'whether it will be most to the public good, that I should help half-an-hour at getting in the harvest, or labour half-an-hour at building the new granery; I have spent all the morning in considering, and cannot determine.'

'Then



‘ Then it is necessary to do one? ’—  
‘ Yes, it has been proved in a voluminous book of political justice; that, in the old system of things, the labour which was performed by a certain number of the lower people, could be done in half-an-hour’s labour for each individual per diem.\* But I don’t know how it is, since we are all equal, and all labourers, and all studying the public good, our country is going rapidly to decay. An house that used to be built in three months, is not now done in as many years; and as to works of genius, it was found utterly impossible for different sets of workmen to paint a picture, write a book, or finish a device.’

‘ At least,’ observed the Doctor, ‘ you might provide yourselves clothes.’

\* Godwin’s Political Justice, 8vo. edition, chap. VI. also Enquirer, page 163.

‘ We

‘ We do manufacture some coarse canvass, but it is a matter of prodigious difficulty, for no man will work more than half-an-hour; and the hands wanted from the sowing of the seed, till it is finished in the web and fashioned to the body, is astonishing, for it is strange how stupid the people grow since one man knows every thing.’

‘ That is an excellent remark,’ said the Doctor: ‘ more good is produced in society, by the diversity of genius, than if each individual were endowed with a small but equal proportion.’

A stately personage, with a small piece of coarse canvass round his waist, advanced, and seeing the travellers, courteously inquired whence they came, and whither they were going.

‘ We have a curiosity,’ said the Doctor, ‘ to visit that great city which rises

risers before us—we are strangers, and not a little surprised at the customs of your country.'

'You see then,' said the stranger, whose name was Parecho, 'the utmost limits of human perfection: you see a people who had arrived at the height in various arts and sciences, so much so, that scarcely a peasant who laboured in the field, but could read the divine books of our ancestors: we were surrounded with mountains, which prevented the invasions of an hostile foe, but still we were not happy. It was thought that the rich lived in voluptuous idleness on the labours of the poor, and that we should never be happy till the most perfect equality was established.

'It would be endless to enumerate the devices of a set of madmen and knaves, who stunned the peoples ears perpetually with systems so impracticable,

cable, that mankind must have been re-modelled to suit them; and indeed several treatises were written, and several experiments tried to change the very constitution of the human nature. It was proved that no man could die if fear and *prejudice* had not prepared his mind for death; and it consequently followed, that to divest our minds of this prejudice was to become immortal.

‘ It was proved clearly by some systemisers, that the people ought, without exemption, to have a right of voting and sending delegates to our Council of the Elders, and that new representatives should be chosen every year. Not to say any thing of the riots, debauchery, and excess, which disgraced the whole nation at those periods, it was soon found that scarce any man of real worth and learning was returned to the Council. Those who were most extravagant, and could tickle the rude humours



mours of a mob, were chosen representatives. The lower orders likewise took pleasure in sending some of their own class, and persons of the meanest discription were elected in a drunken frolic. These representatives would, however, have been cyphers, if any proportion had been preserved, and would very ably have represented their constituents:—but the great mischief arose from the middle class of society, who, in point of numbers were nearly equal, and in point of influence more than equal; for, if a man had any domestics or journeymen, these were necessiated to vote with their master, and then masters were universally influenced by the powers of oratory. Any man who could rant and declaim was certain of their support, and our great Council became like the forum of the ancients, where a demagogue could work the people into passion, and lead them to any preposterous scheme he fancied.

‘ The

‘ The influence of the crown was soon overturned:—the people were deluded with the ostensible prospect of liberty which none of them could describe; and their leaders throwing off the mask, a civil war ensued, in which near a million of people perished. The royal family was destroyed; the aristocracy nearly annihilated, for the nobles adhered to the crown, from which their honours were derived; and the rich were compelled to divide their property. Equality in every sense of the word was to be established, and all laws, sacred and civil, were abrogated. All things valuable and curious lost their worth, because there was no longer a market. If a man worked, or if he remained idle, food and raiment was all he had to expect; and genius in one hour seemed blasted from the land.

‘ No man would work for his neighbours, because the reward destroyed the

the just balance of equality. It was found that no work could be done without having some subordinate class, like the Helots, who did the drudgery of the Spartans. This in our country not being practicable, and the women having declared themselves no longer dependents on the men, but equal in every point, it was resolved to subject them by force to the labour necessary for providing food, raiment, and shelter for the community, while the men should be employed studying the public good.

‘ The female sex soon drooped under this usage, and entreated to be reinstated in the ancient slavery, for they found the rough employments not only spoil their features, and render them objects of indifference, but they were incapable of building houses, and other laborious employments. The whole labour of the nation was now at a stand,  
till

till a prodigious great philosopher observed, that were all men necessitated to work, the labour would scarcely be felt by any.

‘It was computed, that under the old regime, one twentieth of the people had been employed in agriculture. If then this were divided, it would amount to half-an-hour a day : no one would shrink from this — nothing could be fairer—but, how was this to be enforced? For it had been proved by this same great man, in a very elaborate and verbose book of political justice, that *no people could represent or be represented*; \* that no man could give his vote away by delegation, and the people believed him.’

‘I have no doubt of it,’ said Doctor Alogos. ‘My companions are very

\* What will the advocates for a representative government say to this doctrine of Mr. Godwin?



great philosophers, and made me believe wonderful impracticabilities.'

' Well,' continued Parecho, ' anarchy and massacre would have been the consequence, if a few men had not seized themselves the helm of business, and declared themselves censors general. This was by no means difficult, for they had only to talk more about the public good, and profess principles more hyperbolical than the philosophers, to lead people any way.'

' It might naturally have been supposed, that genius would have roused itself from the torpor of an equality with dullness; but there remained no stimulant, no man being allowed to enjoy greater conveniences or luxuries than another, and therefore labours of ingenuity lost their reward. Every species of trade was crushed at once, because it is the nature of *trade* to  
*amass,*

amass, and the nature of equality to destroy.'

' Our metropolis, to which we are advancing, is daily sinking into decay. Nothing new is projected—all our arts are falling into oblivion, as children are not allowed to employ their attention on any one thing in particular, but to be provided at five-and-twenty, well regulated, active, and *prepared* to learn;\* thus while they pretend to learn every thing, they learn nothing, for the human mind is of narrow extent, and the next generation will be within a shade of actual savagism.'

During this discourse they had reached the precincts of a large and venerable city, but evidently under a rapid decay. The most disgusting filth covered the streets, emitting a shocking and mephetic

\* Godwin's Enquirer, page 5.

vapour. The people were all naked, marked with extreme dejection, and half the houses were shut up. \*

‘What is the reason of this?’ said the Doctor; ‘we generally impute the decrease of population to the pernicious effects of sedentary and mechanical employ.’

‘It is disease,’ replied Parecho: ‘our physicians have forgot their skill, and no new students can be reared from the want of ostensible reward, and some distinction to talent.’

‘But common humanity, one would suppose, should stimulate them to pro-

\* The reader is referred to Dr. Meyer’s *Fragmens sur Paris*, translated into French by Dumourier, where he will find a true but wretched description of a country labouring under the practice of the new philosophy.

mote the public good,' said the Doctor.

'Very likely,' answered Parecho, 'but common humanity will not teach men skill, there must be a laborious exertion of mind, and that cannot be the case when we have so many other demands, and the man of genius is lost in the promiscuous crowd. We were told indeed that genius was to be the only claim to distinction; but it was soon found, that where all was equal, there could be no distinction, and genius had no means of expanding.'

'I begin to think,' said the Doctor, 'that at least there must be two orders in society, those who project, and those who execute; for no man will project when he must execute himself, and where no reward is to be gained superior to food and raiment.'



‘ But if you allow rewards,’ said Parecho, ‘ equality is sapped to the foundation ; you introduce luxury, and property rises to its old standard. Beside, how many fools would share it with the men of genius, without any merit of their own.’

‘ Surely,’ replied Alogos, ‘ have I not a right to do what I will with the wealth I have honestly acquired? May not the chief stimulus to my actions have been this very privilege to rendering a foolish thick-brained son my heir? It strikes me that your present system cannot possibly continue—your people will not be sufficient to the task of gathering in a plentiful harvest.’

‘ Indolence in the extreme,’ replied Parecho, ‘ possesses every man, so much so, that the very cares of connubial affection are become burthensome, and I have actually heard a man debate  
with

with his wife, whether half-an-hour was not too much labour for the human œconomy.'

'My companions,' said the Doctor, 'are two very great philosophers, and not quite so sublime in their ideas. Their system of equality goes to a right of possessing any of the sex, and I dare say they will not object to the custom of your country, in labouring half-an-hour for the public good.'

By this time they arrived in a great square, it was about noon, and our travellers began to be hungry at sight of some large piles of loaves, cakes, and fruits.—'We do not eat in common,' said Parecho, 'because we are not obliged to be hungry at the same time, but each comes to this repository, and takes what he wants.'

‘ Some may eat double to others,’ observed the Doctor; ‘ how do you manage that ?’

‘ At first there were many debates, but it being urged that the labour of all being equal, those who eat little could not be injured, as they could do nothing with their superfluous earnings.’

‘ It’s very singular,’ said Stupeo, (the Doctor interpreting) ‘ that such an admirable institution should have such a strange effect. Is your government patriarchial, monarchial, tyrannical, aristocratical, oligarchial, or republican ?’

‘ It ~~is~~ republican,’ replied Parecho. — ‘ Then I will maintain,’ said Stupeo, ‘ that it is the best possible form ; every thing is for and by the people themselves, and they are not taxed to provide for others.’

‘ Taxes,’

‘ Taxes,’ replied Parecho, ‘ if within moderation, and not sent out of the country, are like the returning moisture of the dews. Titles, wealth, and honours, are incentives to exertion, like prizes amongst schoolboys; and, to speak a truth, the mass of mankind are only grown-up children.’

‘ And why?’ cried Stupeo, in triumph; ‘ because they are held in profound ignorance.’

‘ I will maintain,’ said Frederick, ‘ that men are more happy ignorant than half learned: they will then follow the pursuits of real life, and are satisfied with the comforts within their reach. I am almost tired of speculation.’

‘ It is true,’ said Parecho, with a languid smile, ‘ that your greatest sticklers for freedom, if they see their folly, become as great champions for slavery,



always in extremes. Under our former government, which was a limited monarchy, we had every gradation in society. It was observed, that the very rich, and the very poor ranks rarely produced great men. It was from the various shades of middle life these arose, and to judge of our real liberty, I will observe to you the general routine of property. A man of talents, in humble life, generally raised himself to independence; his son continuing his track, or pursuing his maxims, became rich; his grandson claimed titles and honours, and blazed in the zenith of power; but his great-grandson generally squandered the estates, and the family again sunk, to rise after two or three generations.'

'That is exactly as it is in Great Britain,' said Doctor Alogos.

'But truth,' cried Stupeo, 'is omnipotent. It is self-demonstrated that that

that government which is instituted by and for the people, is for the benefit of the people, and equality\* is as necessary to genuine liberty as air is to life.'

'But here,' said the Doctor, 'is an example.'—'Examples have nothing to do with rational principles and metaphysical arguments.'

'Do the people always prefer their own good?' inquired Parecho. 'Do they not cut each others throats to-day, for what they despise to-morrow? Are they ever constant to one point? Is it

\* I know many of the new school will say that I misrepresent the meaning of equality, that they do not mean equality of property, but equality of rights: the truth is they mean *both*, though the fairest pretence is held out, Are not titles and distinctions property? But that is not where they would stop, as every man of common intelligence knows.

possible then that such a mass of contradiction should govern itself? Look at this wretched half-peopled city, abandoned to idleness and vice, for it is necessary the human mind should be employed, and when it is not in good, it is in evil. It is only indolence prevents this people cutting each others throats; as it is, there scarcely passes a day without some violent atrocity, and two or three suicides.'

'But is there no means to stimulate them to some great action?' said the Doctor; 'and again introducing aristocracy, for to me aristocracy appears the universal government; for, most certainly the select possessors of the greatest power and connection, govern the monarch by their strength and advice, or the people by their influence and intrigues.'

'A govern-

‘A government,’ replied Parecho, ‘to be invulnerable against the attacks of time, and for the benefit of every individual, must be like a pyramid, rising from a broad base to a point. The greatest portion of mankind will of necessity be mean; these are the base, and every advance higher is to the benefit of the class or structure, till we rise to a solitary point, which finishes the work. We may indeed make other forms of structure, but no one without a base: if it is all base, all equality, there can be no building, and of all buildings, the pyramidal is found to resist longest the destruction of the elements. Had Nature designed men to be equal, (in exception to all other productions,) she would have endowed them with equal stature, prowess, and intellect.’

Turning the corner of the street, they saw a man standing on a tub, declaiming to a concourse of naked people.—

‘This,’



'This,' said Parecho, 'is one of our philosophers—we will hear him a moment.'

'Citizens!' said the rhetorician, 'let us never forget the glorious day of our emancipation from slavery, when a new era, a new epoch, ever to be celebrated in the annals of man, began; when a great people set aside at once every species of government, allotted each individual his share in the terrestrial globe, and set their feet upon the necks of trade and commerce. These two monsters are happily strangled, and exulting men heard their expiring groans. Now, citizens, no man labours for others, it is all for himself, and he may enjoy the fruits of it beneath his own vine, and under his own fig-tree. The sun of science has arisen, and darkness flies before her to the borders of the universe. Where shall we stop? Who shall set bounds to our pursuits? Yes, you will wonder

wonder at the discoveries of intellect. This earth upon which we stand, is proved to be no bigger in reality than an apricot, so wonderful are the deceptions of our senses. What is matter composed of but particles *ad infinitum*? And these are united by attraction, so that attraction is, in fact, the only cause of bulk or extension. But, have we not magnifying glasses, which make a louse *appear* as big as a cart-horse? And what are our eyes but magnifying glasses, which so deceive us, that what we take for men six feet high, and forests rising to the clouds, are nothing more than imperceptible animals upon a peach, to whom the down appears in their eyes, large trees? Who after this will give credit to their senses? Who will not doubt every thing?—Citizens, I have an amazing improvement to offer your reflection—it requires your assistance, as the artist will not be able to complete it in less than a thousand days, with  
fix

six changes of twenty hands per day, which will only be one hundred and twenty, a number that will do little more than plant an acre of garlic. This grand invention is a plough, which will work by itself, ploughs three acres of ground in ten minutes, reaps it at the same time, and thrashes it out into bins. Thus, citizens, we see the effects of the human mind when untrammelled by tyrants, and thus shall mind overcome matter, insomuch, that I will venture to pronounce a solemn fact, that we shall shortly be able to make automations, to do every act of labour the human species are now necessitated to perform.

‘Is it possible,’ said the Doctor, ‘the orator believes himself?’

‘The people must be fools to believe him,’ said Frederick : ‘he will persuade them

them next that he will thrash the corn before it grows.'

'And I should not wonder if they gave him credit,' answered Parecho. 'This man was an apothecary before he commenced orator, but his eloquence gaining him applause, he left the rattle of the pestle for the clatter of his own tongue, and he is now so great a favourite, that any thing he utters is received with applause. Have you no men in your country who are heard with delight while they speak nonsense?'

'Yes,' replied the Doctor mournfully, 'we have too many: I fear our country will one day be like yours, or even worse, for my countrymen are of so restless a disposition, that, were they equal to day, like your citizens, to-morrow they would be plunged in anarchy.'

'I hope,'



‘I hope,’ said Parecho, ‘they will not quit the reality of felicity with some natural evils, for the shade with every possible ill.’

## CHAPTER VIII.

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MORAL VIRTUES, THEORY AND PRACTICE — STUPEO IS CONVINCED THERE ARE OTHER EXISTANCES BESIDES HIS OWN IDEAS, BY A TREMENDOUS PHENOMENON IN NATURE.

OUR philosophers were invited to the house of their guide, which had once been extremely magnificent, and yet bore the vestiges of fading grandeur; it contained some rich furniture, which  
time

time had not devoured, for as to any thing new, it was impossible to be procured.

‘What you see here,’ said Parecho, ‘is only the fragments of what I once possessed—my whole property is divided, and of this house I only could claim two rooms, a chimney-sweeper and several other equally important personages possessing the others: but since the mortality in the city, I am allowed my whole house—I had a library of ancient Syriac and Egyptian manuscripts, containing an account of the most early ages, together with thirteen thousand modern productions. But these enlighteners of the human race, during their struggle for liberty, and the promotion of general knowledge, being in want of cases for their fire-powder and ball, condemned all the libraries to that purpose.’

‘How

‘How is it possible,’ said the Doctor, ‘you should be acquainted with gunpowder, which is a very modern invention, and only a few years introduced into America.’

Parecho smiled.—‘My friend,’ said he, ‘as our great ancestor said, there is nothing new under the sun.—This art which we learnt from a people of India, called Oxydracæ: Alexander the Great feared to march against this people, and pretended it was on account of religion, but had he passed the Hyphasis, he might doubtless have made himself master of the country all round them; but their cities he could never have taken, though he had led a thousand as brave as Achilles, or three thousand such as Ajax to the assault. For they came not into the field to fight those who attacked them; but these holy men, beloved by the gods, overthrew their enemies with  
tem-



tempests, thunder-bolts, and lightening from the walls \*.'

'It is very singular, indeed,' replied the Doctor, 'but by no means surprising: but pray of what race of people are you, since you seem acquainted with the old world?'

'We are part of the tribes of Abraham,' said Parecho; 'we crossed the great deserts of Tartary and China, travelling those regions of desolation and eternal ice which unite the continents, and in about one hundred years wandering discovered this valley, where we were as happy as it is possible for the transient and perishable existence of man to be.'

\* See this extraordinary passage in the life of Apollonius Tyanaus, by Philostratus, Lib. ii. Cap. 14.

'Have

‘ Have you no religion ?’ inquired the Doctor.

‘ To-morrow,’ answered their host, ‘ you shall visit our temple, it is sabbath.’

The philosophers retired to their room, where some clean straw was laid upon the floor, the beds having been sequestered for the public purposes.

‘ It must be owned,’ said Frederick, ‘ these people are a whimsical set, and do not seem much better for their liberty.’

‘ This is a philosophical republic,’ said Alogos ; ‘ the ancient republics were fighting republics ;—the Americans and the Hollanders are trading republics, but men seemed neither better satisfied, better governed, or better fed in any of them ; nor in fact, do they enjoy so many

many benefits as in a limited monarchy.'

'But I insist upon it,' said Stupeo, 'monarchy is unnatural. It is one tyrant usurping the privileges of the whole people, contrary to the sacred majesty of the body politic.'

'But how came that body politic into being?' said the Doctor, 'The roaming families of men,' replied the great politician, 'found the need of mutual assistance and defence, and they united into nations.'

'No;' replied the Doctor, 'you talk absurd; it is contrary to the nature of man—Man is a rapacious animal, and is perpetually (if not curbed by laws and subordination) seeking objects of rapine and violence.—Let us look back to the origin of any people, to the remote annals of *the heroic ages*, and we shall find  
an

an herd of robbers gathering together for the sake of plunder. The boldest becomes their leader and chief; the weak tribes submit and join them, till their power is irresistible, and they found extensive empires. Conquest is at first the only compact, and the people, little better than an herd of murderers directed by a chief. The ambition of this chief to excel in splendor, introduces luxury and softens the ferocious habits of his followers; the arts of peace follow a court.—The fermentation subsides, or is let off by continual wars, while the peaceable remain at home, and this is the history of man in reality. To talk of a people assembling from the woods, and forming general laws and social compacts, is as absurd as it is false. In all established governments, the origin was the same, whether they were republican or monarchical; though, for a thousand reasons, a limited monarchy seems to me the best calculated for man,



as diffusing the most general good, and, in fact, the greatest portion of real freedom.'

' I am still convinced,' cried Stupeo, ' that a state of nature is the more eligible.—It signifies nothing that the human species may be multiplied in society. The happiness, and not the numbers of mankind is to be considered; and the greatest possible good would be, to let *one* family reside upon a thousand acres, in the most perfect freedom and happiness, rather than have a family upon every acre, with the present consequences of society.'

' You talk strange contradictions,' said the Doctor.—' You are never consistent in your opinions: do you not know, that in society we must *barter* some privileges for a portion of *social happiness*.'

' But

‘But truth, eternal truth,’ cried Stupéo, ‘is——’

‘What we have heard an hundred times,’ said Frederick, ‘in as many different definitions; for my part, I am disgusted with every thing.’ These philosophers were here interrupted by the snoring of Mungo, who had quietly laid down upon the straw, untroubled with the nature of truth or metaphysical disquisitions; and the three great men concluded, that ignorance was in some measure necessary to happiness. The next morning, Parecho attended his guests to a large hall, where they found a great number of people sitting upon benches; in the midst of the hall was a square platform, railed round, similar to a small stage. There was no ornament to fix the eye, nor any music to catch the ear, a profound silence remained.’

‘Why,’ said Alogos to Parecho, ‘is the place painted black.—Have you no priests, no music?’

‘There were once very fine paintings,’ said Parecho, ‘representing the miracles in Egypt and the Wilderness; but it was feared by the philosophers, that these symbols would recal to mind the God of their fathers, which they wished to expunge from the human soul.—We used to have fine music; but the musicians could not be paid, and the whole art fell rapidly to decay, for who would or could attend to the acquirement of skill, when all their reward was a bare existence. As to the old priests, they were deemed to have enslaved the people, by darkening their minds with superstition, and indulging themselves in licentiousness; so that they were most of them destroyed, and the rest mingled with the people.’

A per-

A person now moved from the crowd, and mounting the stage, made an oration for half-an-hour upon morality, political justice, and the great book of Nature, where he asserted every thing was to be learnt that was worth knowing: he concluded with declaring against the power of revealed religion, to check the crimes of men, asserting, that morality was every thing, and the light of nature the real standard of virtue.

The people then waited some time; and no one else coming forward, they dispersed to walk in the fields, the day being an holiday.

Our philosophers likewise quitted the city, following at a distance the orator, who had harangued about morality.— They entered a grove of trees where they sat down, conversing on politics. A young woman was walking in the



grove, to whom the moralist advanced, and seemed to press her to something she objected. He was proceeding to violence, when a young man sprung upon him; they both fell to the ground, but the orator being the strongest, rose, and with a long knife stabbed the youth to the heart, and ran away.

‘Horrid!’ cried Doctor Alogos, ‘is there no means of punishing the monster?’

‘This man,’ said Parecho indignantly, ‘is a reformer of the people, and such the consequence of his doctrine. If you destroy in the minds of men the belief of an avenging and infinite Power, you give loose to every passion in the corrupted heart of man.—It is not possible to bring this wretch to justice, because *no individual* has the power of life and death, unless it is done in a private manner, by way of retaliation:—beside,

it

it is contrary to political justice, that any *past* offence should be punished by coercion.'

'Very true,' said Stupeo, 'that I taught the people of England,—But he might be fined—no man, or body of men, can have a right to punish with death.'

'But how will you fine a man who has no property, and where all are equal—and what could be done with the fine? You would soon destroy equality.'

'But you might imprison him,' said Frederick, 'to prevent his doing the same again.'

'Impossible,' replied Parecho.—'My, dear Sir, hear the opinions of our great philosophers. The body is perpetually changing—the soul of man becomes every moment a different being: so that

were we to put this man in prison, to-morrow we should be confining a totally different being, wholly innocent of the crime.'

'Very good,' replied Doctor Alogos, 'the fashionable Mr. Hume has made most of the *young* men converts to these very doctrines in my country. So that, notwithstanding I can recollect a friend or a wife for twenty years back, they are not the same persons. I and they are changed, transformed, and renewed, nobody knows how often : and Mr. Hume, who finished the essays, was not the Mr. Hume who wrote the Treatise on Human Nature. So Alexander the Great, who was the son of Philip of Macedon, was not the Alexander the Great who subdued Greece by his flatteries, nor him who overthrew the Persians.'

'Such

‘Such being the case,’ said Parecho, ‘it is plain, that there can be no punishments without they are corporeal, nor any corporeal punishment without infringing political justice: you cannot restore the injury done to society, by committing an outrage in the article of punishment.’

‘Then crime may be done with impunity,’ said Doctor Alogos.

‘What a delightful country,’ cried Stupeo. ‘I will never quit it. The human mind is here in perfect freedom. At length,’ my dear Frederick, ‘we have found the place where our principles are practicable, where truth and philosophy shines with beams of eradiating splendour, and the dignity of human nature is unsophisticated in its pursuits.’

‘Would that I were once more in England with my dear Laura, if the



children of nature have not murdered her,' said the Doctor, with a deep sigh.

Frederick knew not what to think; his senses frequently contradicted the profound Stupeo, and often led him to think his tutor in the wrong; but the philosophical disquisitions, the grand doctrines of the greatest good, and the elegant Romance of Political Justice, inclined him again to the new philosophy.

Our vagabonds returned to the city, when they became hungry.—Stupeo grumbled very much to find only coarse bread and fruits, with clear water.—‘Have you no fermented liquors,’ said he, ‘no spirits?’

‘No,’ answered Parecho; ‘spirits could not be the universal drink, independent of the labour to procure them: they

they are, therefore, unallowable in a state of equality. At first, when they were distributed according to every one's pleasure, the streets were filled with drunkards. Nature never designed men to drink liquid fire.'

'At least,' said Frederick, 'I should think animal food would give variety to your table.'

'What!' replied Parecho, 'rear animals on purpose to destroy them. Nature never tells us any such thing—we used formerly to have excellent oxen, but since labour has been equally divided, nobody will undertake to breed them; and the species is become almost extinct; beside, no one would take the unpleasant office of butcher, where there was no reward.'

'Human life,' said the Doctor, 'is not worth enjoying, when we thus limit our

pursuits—the very peasants in my country enjoy infinitely more advantages: and what does any government signify if in reality men are not benefited, the intellects expanded, and their gratifications encreased?’

‘It is a false taste,’ said Stupeo, ‘which has introduced animal food: and if we do indulge in it, why not eat it raw?—Nature, had she intended we should feed upon dressed dishes, would have produced animals ready roasted and boiled.’

‘And why not,’ said Parecho, ‘have loaves and cakes ready baked, grow upon stalks in the field: all this is a deviation from nature, and very absurd in great philosophers to follow. But seriously, what is this jargon about nature—what is nature?’

‘Why,

‘ Why, nature,’ answered Stupeo, ‘ is that which every man sees with his eyes—it is visible at first view to all understandings — it is the influence of rational principles impinging upon men, actions palpable to every comprehension:—It is derived from the single letter N.—Take the Latin words nascor, natus, natura, and the French né, for *born*, analyse them, and you will find that

Afcor being but a frequentive,

Atus a common idiomatic expression,

Atura the same,

é the same,

reduces all these words to the single letter N, which offers no sense ; restore the eliptic syllable *ge*, cut off by the usual tendency of languages to contraction, or to euphony, you have gen-afcor, gen-atus, gen-atura, gen-é ; in which *gen.* the radical of *generative*, of *kind*, of *beginning*, and of hundreds more, gives a clear sense, and consequently  
are



are derived from *Teṽ vaṁ* \* thus nature signifies beginning, or begetting, so that to act according to nature, is to begin, to beget, to produce, which is according to the light of reason and nature.'

'But what is the light of nature?' cried Doctor Alogos:—'We know the genuine meaning of the word, but you apply to nature a *personality*: you make a mere *action* an *active-being*; such are the consequences of applying terms, when the real meaning of the word is not understood; and thus we go to deny a Creator, and place in his stead not a power, not a being, but an absolute *action*, called a beginning or a begetting. But we are now plunging into the profound and muddy abyss of metaphysics, and shall lose ourselves in the darkness.'

\* Etymological Dictionary.

‘ How do you marry in this country of equality?’ said Frederick: ‘ Is it a civil or a religious ceremony?’

‘ It cannot well be called either,’ replied Parecho. ‘ At the first establishment of equality, every man gave a full sway to his passions, and in one week there was scarcely a maid above fourteen. The labour of the females, as I informed you before, rendered them very indifferent objects to the young men, and it was judged a deviation from equality, that one man should have a pretty wife, and another an ordinary one. It was proposed that all young people, arrived at the age of marriage, should once a year assemble, and the *nearest of stature* divided into parcels, each casting lots for his partner:—they are then deemed married, and if they have children cannot be disunited; but if they have not, they may, by mutual consent, change every year, because the  
numbers

numbers of the people are the strength of the republic; thus we attempt to encrease population, while we smother the principles of vitality.'

'Have you any mode of punishing adultery?' inquired Stupeo.

'No; the will of the sex is free, and were it not a matter of policy, no man would marry.'

'That is as it should be,' said Stupeo: 'if the rich of the old world knew of this blessed spot, you would have no reason to complain of the decay of your people.'

'No grass grows in our highway,' said Parecho: 'licentiousness and debauchery will never encrease or improve the human species; the people must have a taste for domestic enjoyments; a hope

a hope must be excited of reward for the rearing of an offspring, or natural affection will do very little.'

'You shall go with me to England,' said Doctor Alogos; 'you shall see there the remains of conjugal affection, and the virtues which still linger in Europe; you shall tell the people the effects of this horrid and impracticable system of equality.'

'Impossible,' said Parecho; 'a man who is really a patriot, will not abandon his country when it is in danger. The hour may come when the people will awake, and they will need some one to direct their rising hopes.'

'I will return,' cried the Doctor, 'that I may at least set my example before them, and would to God they could see the precipice to which they are blindly straying, and open their eyes to



to the private views and interests of those miscreants who are shaking the torch of sedition in their face, while they seek only an opportunity of picking their pockets.'

Stupeo made a long oration against leaving the country, where the new philosophy completely triumphed, protesting if they had but a little brandy, he would prefer it to any spot on the earth; and Frederick, who was nearly ashamed of his former opinions, consented to follow the Doctor.

Having taken leave of Parecho, they returned by the way they came, not a little amused with those naked philosophers who were studying the public good, and working in ratio for the support of equality.

'It seems to me,' said the Doctor, 'that to study private good would be more

more advantageous : it is impossible the public good can be established upon private evils.'

They clambered the rugged mountains with difficulty, descending again to the forests of America. The day was extremely sultry, not a breath of air whispered amongst the trees, and a strong sulphurous smell exhaled around them. A thick haze overspread the face of the heavens, through which the sun appeared one moment purple, and the next violet.

' Oh horrible !' cried Stupeo : ' what do I see ? The phenomenæ of nature are changing — the desolation of all things is at hand.'

' What desolation ?' said the Doctor calmly ; ' are you frightened at your own ideas ? or do you think this terene habitation

tion will dissolve? Do you believe in the revelations and prophecy?"

'Is this a moment to talk of such things,' said Stupeo, 'when an instant may swallow us alive into the gulph of hell? Do you not feel the ground tremble beneath you?'

'The ground tremble!' said the Doctor; 'what, have you an idea in your head of the ground being in convulsions?'

'An idea!' cried Stupeo; 'can any man in his senses call this an idea? Look at the dreadful appearance of the sun, and say if that's an idea: see how the trees bend—the earth moves like the waves of the ocean:—O God! what will become of us!'

At these words Stupeo cast himself upon the ground, which was agitated by an

an earthquake, and exhibited a scene tremendously grand. The mountains, over which they had just passed, split with dreadful chafms, and tumbling fragments of rocks broke from their beds, and rushed into the plains, tearing all before them. The earth undulated like a moving lake—at the intervals of a few minutes, yawning with a frightful rent, and closed with a dreadful concussion; a large savannah sunk at a distance, and a body of water overwhelmed it for ever.

‘ Oh ! omnipotent Being,’ cried Doctor Alogos, falling on his knees, ‘ protect us from the surrounding ruin—if such, O Preserver of mankind, be the consequence of some trifling disorder in nature, what would this world be if governed alone by chance?—It depends upon thee for ever for its existence, and, if thy power be withdrawn, every atom will



will disunite, and the wind bear them like chaff through the regions of space.'

'I acknowledge,' said Frederick, his eye gazing upon the dun face of the heavens; 'I acknowledge there is a great and ETERNAL POWER. The phenomena of nature must convince us if we are not fools, but it is easy in a calm region, where the seasons are scarcely ruffled by a storm, to doubt the existence of a God, as men frequently doubt in their own minds, whether they shall die before they arrive at an hundred while health floats in their veins.'

'It is not sufficient,' said Doctor Alogos, 'that we behold the wonders of nature, these can only inspire our minds with the sublime and the terrific; we must be taught first by revelation, the great truths of religion, and then shall we

we find a confirmation in every partical of matter.'

'At this moment,' said Frederick, 'a solemn awe, a strange sensation trembles through my frame—I feel that I am re-assured, and I do not fear this scene of desolation:—I would at this moment that I could believe in the immortality of the soul; but we are told in the eighteenth century, that it is a modern invention of Christianity.'

'Like many other falsehoods which are delivered dogmatically,' said the Doctor; 'there are none greater than this. There is scarcely a nation or people under the heavens who have not believed in it, though some of their *ignorant young* men have pretended to set it aside, merely because it did not agree with the excess of their passions. Those people we call heathens, in the Elysian fields, plainly testify their belief, which

which is as ancient as record can refer to.—Homer was no philosopher of the eighteenth century—but we might go higher than Homer, we might travel to the ages immediately succeeding the deluge when the Noahchidæ settled in the Median mountains, when the Cushites hued out the mountains of Thebes into caverns, which exist to this day, an everlasting memorial of that great devastation. In these caverns, safe as they hoped from another flood, and before they dared venture into the plains (where they built the city of Thebes) they invented the mysteries of hyroglyphics to convey the sacred doctrines of their religion, which, doubtless they received by traditions prior to the deluge.\* In these hyroglyphics the Thebaic beetle had principal part, and was the emblem of immortality for two reasons: the first, because after the waters

\* Bruce's Travels.

of the Nile subside, and leave the mud behind; this insect is the first which appears, and is thence emblematic of the resurrection; and the second, because the beetle is the longest-lived of any insect known, far exceeding the age of man. From these people descended the Egyptians, the fathers of science. A colony also spread eastward, and were the founders of the Hindoo nations, professing the religion of Buddha or Boodh, who was the Hermes, or Mercury of the western, and the Woden, Odin, or Gwoden of the northern world.\* It is remarkable that all the primitive mythologies agree in every grand point, as the existence of a great Supreme, the creation, the immortality of the soul, and future rewards and punishments. The *Δρυϊδαι* or Druids, who, according to Pliny,

\* See Maurice's very curious work of Indian Antiquities.



took their name from *δρυς* an oak, though inhabiting the regions of the North, yet agree in these points of religion with the people of the torrid zone. Were I to enter into the astonishing discussion, which, of itself must strike the mind with amazement, we should perceive that the first inhabitants of the earth had a pure religion, unmixed with fable, and that it is *time* which has introduced amongst them so many fictitious deities: but, to prove to you what I have said, I will repeat to you part of a passage relative to a future heaven, which is taken from the Icelandic, and was the tradition of the ancient Celtæ, Danes, Scythians, &c. from whom the nations of Europe are descended.

Speaking of the destruction of the world:—*The fire consumes every thing, and the flame reaches up to heaven; but presently after a new earth springs up from the*  
the

*the bosom of the waves, adorned with green meadows; the fields there bring forth without culture; calamities are there unknown; a palace is there raised more shining than the sun, all covered with gold: this is the place that the just inhabit, and enjoy delights for ever more. Then the powerful, the valiant, He who governs all things, comes forth from his lofty abodes to render divine justice—He pronounces decrees—He establishes the sacred destinies which shall endure for ever.\**

‘ Such is the doctrine of those men we call heathens, whom we are told only invented deities through fear. But let us one moment now, when the earth ceases its concussions ask, if the point-blank assertion of the new philosophers be true, when they tell us that

\* See this passage, amongst many very singular remains of antiquity, in Mallet's Northern Antiquities.

the immortality of the soul cannot be traced from the Old Testament.'

' Prove that it can,' said Stupeo, raising from his prostrate situation, ' prove that, and I will believe any thing.'

' What do you say of Saul and the Witch of Endor?' said the Doctor. ' The very identical spirit of Samuel was supposed to appear, which could not have been if they believed the soul, either a bundle of transient ideas with Hume, or mere matter. What do you say of the charmers and dealers with familiar spirits? or in the Ecclesiastes, chap. 3, v. 21, where Solomon asks, who knoweth the *spirit* of a *man* that goeth *upward*, and the *spirit* of a *beast* that goeth *downward* to the earth? But even more plain than all this, we read in the twelfth chapter of Daniel, *Many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some*

*some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt.*—In the 4th chapter of Job, he says, *Then a spirit passed before my face, and the hair of my head stood up.\**

‘But why,’ said Stupeo, ‘is not the Old Testament as full in this point as the New? And why did not Moses’ law declare future rewards and punishments?’

‘The Old Testament,’ answered the Doctor, ‘contains only the civil code of the Jews, holding up to them a deity who held sin in so much abhorrence, that its effects were entailed to the fourth generation. The sublime doctrines of Christianity were reserved for a greater than Moses to promulgate; though it was evident the Jews, as well

\* The book of Job is reckoned one of the most ancient by canonists.



as other nations, believed the immortality of the soul.'

'Why,' said Frederick, 'could you ever doubt, when you seem so capable of removing the doubts of others?'

'Because,' answered Doctor Alogos, 'the human mind is charmed with novelty, and loses solid reason in the glare of plausible Hypothesis. It requires reflection to perceive that the philosophers of the present day are supremely ignorant, and to cover which, they pretend to deny and discredit every relic of antiquity, by which they would plunge the world again into ignorance. What are the dead languages is a common cry—they teach us nothing—we should be studying man: but, how pray are we to study man; man, who is a creature of experience, when we destroy the experience of ages? I have actually heard a public character, a man of the literary

literary world maintain, that all the classics were mere forgeries of the fifth century, and that he did not believe there ever existed such persons as Homer, Demosthenes, &c.'

The face of the sky by degrees became serene, and the vagabonds bent their course by the altitude of the sun. Stupeo supported his principles with more vehemence than ever, and ridiculing his late trepidation, he asserted that it was a mere accidental impulsion of the animal œconomy, arising from the action of the air in its perturbed state, and had nothing in common with his rational faculties, and the grand principles of truth and reason, and universal man.

Frederick revolved in silence the words of Doctor Alogos—he shuddered at the remembrance of his former actions, and would have openly dere-

listened from his professions, had he not been ashamed of the reproaches of Stupreo, who perpetually declaimed against that imbecility of mind, which, having once felt the force of reason and the grand light of truth, returned again to superstition and ignorance.

To these taunts Doctor Alogos steadily replied, *that, to say he had changed his opinion, was only to say he was wiser to day than he was yesterday.*

## CHAPTER IX.

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STUPEO QUILTS THE WORLD IN A  
BLAZING IDEA—AN UNEXPECTED  
MEETING, AND THE CONCLUSION  
OF WHAT IS NOT CONCLUDED.

DURING many days, these philosophers wandered in the woods, till their ammunition was expended, and their spirits exhausted.—They had no means of making a fire, and had for some time devoured all their game raw, to the no small prejudice of a state of nature—for even Stupeo himself allowed,

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that:



that the idea of provisions dressed, was better than the idea of them raw.— Their bodies were worn out with fatigue and want : and they were so miserable, as to desire death as a relief.

For three days they tasted nothing but water, and a few berries which grew wild.— Their cloaths were partly worn from their backs, and the remnants were animated with living multitudes : —a severe fever burnt in the veins of Frederick, and but for the steady encouragement of the Doctor, he would have sunk by the way :—their beards were grown to a philosophical length, and take them all in all, they appeared truly the vagabond children of nature.

In this forlorn condition, Stupeo uttered curses with volubility, arraiguing the conduct of Providence, if such there really were.

Doctor

Doctor Alogos endeavoured to inspire him with patience, observing, that Providence was not to blame, as themselves had wilfully plunged into the wilderness in search of an *ignus fatuus*.

When they were all nearly at the last exertion, they were overtaken by a tribe of Indians returning from an expedition against another tribe; and as they could make no defence, they became prisoners without a struggle. These men of nature having fed them with a paste of pounded Indian corn, tied their hands behind them, and, notwithstanding they were every moment at the point of fainting, urged them forward in a rapid march—poor Mungo fell down and expired, with the over-exertion; but his fate did not move with *false pity*, the callous bosoms of these children of nature.

Stupeo was almost distracted at his condition, though he obstinately insisted, that pity was a false feeling of weakness in the human heart. Frederick now remembered, that Rousseau had said, 'That *pity* was a natural sentiment, which moderates in each individual the activity of self-love, concurring to the mutual preservation of all the species. So wonderfully do great philosophers contradict each other in the grand affair of immutable truth.

On the following day, they reached a little Indian village.—On setting up the war-hoop, a number of women and children came out to meet them, with screams and yells, surpassing in variety and sublimity of tone, a chorus of an hundred cats howling by moonlight.

'This is the music of a natural ear, said the Doctor—' but Stupeo was too much absorbed in his execrations, to  
reply.

reply. These great men were confined in a little hut, and had a plentiful repast of bruised Indian wheat and water.'—  
'After all,' said Stupeo, 'these savages are better than men in civilized life: this hut or prison is wholesome and clean, we are not confined in a loathsome dungeon—the light of nature is always pure, and the actions of simple men cannot fail to be just. We only become monsters when we condemn each other to eternal flames for a bugbear, or drag each other to stakes for the sake of religion. I am more than ever a sceptic: all existence is to my eyes a farce, a folly, an idea. Pain, pleasure, life, death, every thing is an idea, or Hume must be wrong.'

While he thus spoke to his silent companions, an hideous howl and continued roar of joy advanced towards them. It was night, and the Indians drew near dancing in rude figures, with  
torches



torches of pitch-pine, blazing in the air.

‘These are very singular ideas,’ said the Doctor; ‘if your ideas and my perceptions are alike, we shall have a comfortable idea of roasting.’

‘I maintain,’ said Stupeo:—the door of the hut at that instant was opened, and several black children of reason dragged out the miserable philosopher, and bore him triumphantly to a green, in the centre of the village. There they fastened him to a stake, and sticking his body full of pine-knots, set fire to the whole, which consumed the miserable wretch with the most agonizing tortures, while the sons of nature danced around him, mocking his cries, and encouraging their children to dart at him little pointed arrows.

Such

III Such was the termination of that enlightened great man, who, while he lived, endeavoured to kindle the world, and set society in a flame, but expired himself in the midst of a blaze.

‘Alas!’ cried Frederick, in extreme agitation, ‘What is man? A being influenced by cruelty and rapine:—he is worse than the savage hyena of the desert, or the untamed tyger of the burning sands. I see with bitter conviction, that coercion and laws are necessary to restrain the arm of destruction and violence: in the imperfect nature of all terrene existences, no law can be made to deter the wicked, without being a restraint, or in some instances a grievance, to some who are innocent. I see that society, with all its drawbacks, possesses the greatest portion of real happiness; and that half our miseries we bring on ourselves, by endeavouring to raise human nature superior to itself.’

‘I am

‘I am afraid,’ said the Doctor, ‘it will be our turn next. These wretches are ignorant of the laws of nations; and they have not sufficient religion to teach them the duties of man to man.’

Thus these two vagabonds, turn-coats, unworthy the great name, or glorious martyrdom of the immortal Stupéo, who perished in the heat of his own ideas, bewailed the accident of a gentle roasting.—But the Indians had no sooner perfectly reduced the great philosopher, metaphysician, and politician to the idea of a few cinders, than they advanced to the cottage, and dragged out the two prisoners to renew their pastime.

As they approached the stakes, they were buffeted in every side by severe blows from the delicate fists of the ladies, who, out of spite at the fair skin of the dirty, lousy Frederick, bit and  
pinched

pinched him with a very agreeable and sportive air.—Indeed, if one might judge by their cries, they were even more delighted than the tender European ladies who crowd to see some poor wretches extended on a gibbet, or run screaming to contemplate an house in flames.

While they were tying these victims to the stake, and dancing round with their blazing torches, the report of a gun struck them with consternation, and a loud yell bespoke their despair:—a second fire which sent a bullet whistling amongst them, urged them to flight, and our heroes remained exposed to whatever might ensue—a large fire gleamed on one side of them, by the light of which they perceived several persons advancing, dressed in frocks, like American hunters.

They



They drew near with their rifles in their hands, and seemed to start with astonishment when they saw two white men naked, and covered with dirt.—‘Whoever you are,’ said Frederick, in a doleful voice, ‘have *pity* upon our situation, and release us before these monsters return.’

‘Who are you?’ said one of the strangers, whose hat was adorned with a feather—‘Surely, I am no stranger to your voice.’

‘My name is Frederick Fenton.’

‘Frederick Fenton!’ exclaimed the stranger: ‘O! eternal Providence, what mysteries involve us finite beings?—Hast thou brought into the wilderness of America the man I had most reason to abhor, and made me the instrument of his preservation.—Me, whom he so  
cruelly

cruelly injured in the person of my Amelia?’

‘What,’ cried Frederick, ‘are you Vernon? Point your rifle at me, and finish at once the days of a miscreant.’

‘No,’ replied Vernon: ‘it is not for me to wrest vengeance to myself; but how are you in this situation? *Gratitude* to your father makes me almost rejoice that I have saved his son.’

‘Gratitude,’ sighed Frederick.—‘Ah, Vernon! had I but felt it more early; had I listened to the common claims of nature and of society, I might have been a worthy member.—But the new sophisticated jargon of philosophy and impracticable liberty, had rendered me insane. I have, however, been the pupil of experience, and have seen the ashes of Stupeo scattered by the winds.’

‘I will

‘I will return to society,’ said Vernon: ‘it was the loss of a woman which embittered it to me, and drove me a forlorn wanderer in these woods; where I have fortunately found another to supply her loss, and lead me again into the world.—I fancy, Frederick, she is not unknown to you; and if I may judge right, this is Doctor Alogos, her uncle.’

‘Can it be,’ cried the enraptured man, ‘that my dear Laura yet lives—is it possible she has escaped from these horrid savages?’

‘She now, I hope, waits us at your plantation,’ replied Vernon, ‘where I left her to search for you, in company with these my friends; though I confess, with very little expectation of finding you.’

‘Thou art too good: O Providence!’ cried Alogos, shedding tears,  
‘what

‘ what is man, that thou art mindful of him ?’

‘ I am glad,’ said Frederick :—‘ I feel at this moment more satisfaction than I have felt for years—surely, there is something in virtue not to be described—you will be happy Vernon, with Laura—she is formed for you, and I rejoice that I did not succeed in debasing her purity. I am tired with philosophy ; I detest politics ; and I perceive, that, an *equality*, the most exact and perfect in respect of every moral and social obligation, springs from *inequality* itself.’

‘ Have you heard lately from Europe,’ inquired Doctor Alogos ? ‘ Yes,’ replied Vernon : ‘ I have news, that in Frederick’s present sentiments, will increase his satisfaction.—His mother yet lives ; she recovered with much difficulty from her wound—but she mourns with her husband the deviation of their son.’

‘ I will



‘I will fly,’ cried Frederick, ‘I will cast myself at their feet, and implore them to pardon me.’

In less than a month, they arrived again in Kentucky, where they found population increasing with the numerous emigrations, but unhappiness and discontent prevailed: for though the grounds which were cultivated were productive, there was no channel for trade—and it signifies nothing to a farmer, that his harvest is plentiful, if he has no market to meet his commodities.

Taxes increased, and every man was obliged to learn the military exercise, and keep in check the predatory Indians.

Doctor Alogos remarked, that the people of America were equally dissatisfied with the people of England; and saw clearly, that no government would  
be

be universally approved, which was not to the exact model and interests of *every* private individual.

At Philadelphia he settled his accounts, and drew his money from the bank.—Laura gave her hand to Vernon; and Frederick could not but feel a wish, that he had some amiable maid to unite her destiny with his—and by mutual good offices, smoothe the rugged road of life. He felt at that moment, that the endearing and tender smile of a modest woman, has more real pleasure than the most wanton blandishments of promiscuous intercourse.

The wind favoured their return to the land of genuine liberty, where there is not *one* man so obdurate as not to possess a right, nor *one* man so high, as not to be subject to the laws.

Where

Where the noble and the peasant are upon equality in the *penal* code, and no man can suffer for his crimes, but with the consent of twelve of his equals,—a *right* unknown to every government heretofore existing—a right which checks at once the arm of power, bribery, or malice.

Doctor Alogos threw himself upon the beach, while tears of pleasure gushed from his eyes. — ‘Happy, happy shores,’ exclaimed he, ‘How few comparative evils do you know? Unvisited by savage war—insulated from a treacherous and rapacious foe—untainted by pestilence, and at a distance from the climes, where earthquakes and tornados in one moment swallow up, or sweep away the exertions of a century.—Thy lands are never parched with the beams of a torrid sun, or gelid with the frosts of the polar circles; thou never feelest the

the blaze of perpetual day, or the stillness of constant twilight.—Thy fields never fail in their produce, and half the world brings the tributes of commerce to thy shores—though the *smallest* nation on earth in local territory, thy situation and the valor of thy *genuine* children, renders thee impregnable.—Nor is there a spot upon the universal globe, so favoured by Nature, and so blessed by Heaven.

May then thy fair face never be blasted by the insidious attacks of self-interested and ignorant *empirics*; may the mania of impracticable political dreams, be dispersed by the surges of thy rocky shores; and may thy fair daughters know, that modesty and maternal feelings are the chief ornaments of a celestial mind. Experience has qualified me to judge of learning, whose researches have taught me the paucity of the human mind; taught me, that



in this age of reason, in the eighteenth century, I may exclaim with the learned and polished Socrates—" *All that I know is, that I know nothing.*"

THE END.

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